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## CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... 273	ART: The Foundling Hospital. By Anthony Bertram ... 283	REVIEWS—Continued George IV ... 290 In Savage Australia ... 291 An Arcadian Calendar ... 291
LEADING ARTICLE: Trade Union Policy ... 276	MUSIC: Gramophone Notes ... 284	NEW FICTION. By L. P. Hartley: The Marquis de Bolibar ... 292 Far End ... 292 Fly Leaves ... 292 Barren Lands ... 292
MIDDLE ARTICLES: Germany and Geneva. From Our Special Correspondent ... 277 War Graves in Africa ... 278 Mocca in the Shade ... 279 Questions to Beg. By Gerald Gould ... 280 A Film Actor. By J. B. Priestley ... 281	LITERARY COMPETITIONS: Set by Humbert Wolfe ... 285 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 286 NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE 287 REVIEWS: The Incredible Continent. By Edward Shanks ... 288 England ... 289 Joseph Conrad as I Knew Him 289	SHORTER NOTICES ... 293 MOTORING. By H. Thornton Rutter ... 294 CITY NOTES ... 296 ACROSTICS ... 298
THE THEATRE: Mr. Fagan's Mr. Pepys. By Ivor Brown ... 282		

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE main object of the League meeting at Geneva has been achieved. Germany is now in the League and has a permanent seat on the Council. The last obstacles have been removed, the last fears allayed, and the seed of Locarno comes to fruition. It was nearly washed out of the soil by the March storms, and having weathered so much may be presumed to be a hardy growth. With Germany now admitted to a position of equality with the other Great Powers, the League enters on a new phase of life. There was very nearly serious trouble at her entry. The device by which three semi-permanent Council seats were simultaneously created to satisfy the wishes of France and Poland excited the disapproval of the Scandinavian countries, who considered that the admittance of Germany should have been separate and unconditional. Theoretically they were perfectly right; but the compromise was adopted, as M. Motta explained, in order to remove the last danger of a veto on Germany's entry. Had it not been, there might not have been a unanimous vote, and the situation would have been left in the undignified confusion of last March.

The events in Geneva are likely to influence European politics to a far greater extent than is yet generally realized. The admission of Germany to the League marks the end of a chapter in after-war history, but also the beginning of a new and still more important one. In the immediate future the Germans will naturally demand the withdrawal of the remaining French troops from the Saar, a greater reduction of the Allied forces occupying the second Rhine zone, and the handing over to the League of the control of German armaments. These demands will lead to recriminations in the Press, which will be followed by still more violent articles when Germany begins to talk of the return of her former colonies. In the next twelve months plenty of pessimists will declare that all this bad feeling is the result of treating Germany at last as an equal. But their criticisms can be met in advance. The bad feeling is there anyhow, and the longer it is suppressed the more dangerous it will become. The only hope for future peace is a common-sense readiness to listen with tolerance to the ventilation of grievances in Geneva and to their removal if they are found to be justified.

As our Geneva Correspondent makes it clear elsewhere, Spain's effort to retain her dignity has

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been a rather undignified business. At the time of the special Assembly last March a great deal of sympathy was felt both for the Spaniards and the Poles, and had it been possible to give Spain a permanent seat without making profound alterations in the composition of the Council, this seat would have been granted her. But since March the Spanish Government has adopted tactics which too closely resemble those of Brazil, and such sympathy as was felt for the Spanish claim disappears as soon as Madrid seriously demands a free hand in Tangier as a compensation for the failure to gain a permanent seat. Had General Primo de Rivera been willing to accept the opinion of the vast majority of nations in Geneva, Spain would have continued to play in the League a far more important rôle than she can ever hope to play elsewhere, but the Dictator has not yet learned that the old methods of political bargaining are no longer acceptable, and some other power of secondary importance will now step into Spanish shoes.

The change in the tone of French press comments on Spain during the last few weeks is quite remarkable. Paris, at one time an ardent supporter of the Spanish claim to a permanent seat on the Council, is now as bitter as can be about the attitude adopted by General Primo de Rivera. The cause of this change is, of course, the Spanish-Italian Treaty, which is likely to worry the French even more in the near future than it has already done. The Spanish Government has tried to bluff the League, and has failed. It has tried to get control of Tangier, and has failed. The continued rumours of serious disturbances in Spain are doubtless premature, but what has not occurred yesterday may well occur to-morrow. Large sections of the Army are opposed to the Dictator, and the King himself is said to be showing signs of independence. Unless the Marquis de Estella can achieve some sensational success he will not last long, and it is difficult to see what success he could attempt to achieve except at the expense of France.

For the moment he has overcome his domestic troubles. He has crushed the revolt of artillery officers with promptitude. Reports are meagre but it is clear that with the surrender of the Artillery Academy at Segovia the bottom fell out of the movement, indeed, it is reported that on hearing the news, the Marquis de Estella adjourned with a friend to a comic opera—a diversion which cynics might call a busman's holiday. The officers will be tried by court-martial and a flood of propaganda has already been let loose to prove that the revolt was not political or even military, but "insubordination in defence of ideas which are in opposition with constitutional dictates," whatever that may mean. The military clubs or Juntas of Spain have long been the curse of the country. Their power to intervene in politics has overthrown ministers and hampered reforms. The failure of the Artillery Junta may mark the end of this power; or it may be the prelude to catastrophe.

The position in the coal dispute has appreciably improved since last week. The miners' leaders

have finally and definitely come off their pedestal and agreed to discuss hours as well as wages in any conference that may be arranged. They still hold out for a national agreement, and the Government seems disposed to agree with them. As we anticipated, Mr. Churchill addressed a letter to the owners requesting them to obtain the permission of their districts to re-enter into national negotiations, and he gave the Mining Association tacitly, but plainly to understand that if they should refuse the Government have their own plan for forcing the issue. On Wednesday he followed this up with a communication to the owners in which he outlined the Government's idea of the principles on which negotiations could be begun and brought to a successful issue:

It is obviously quite impossible in the present circumstances for any conference sitting in London to do more in the first instance than lay down certain broad principles and recommend the practical steps necessary to secure an early and universal resumption of work.

We believe that with such national guidance the task of negotiating agreements on wages, hours, and other conditions could be undertaken in each district with the assent of both parties under favourable conditions and without any further delay.

The Government is being admirably impartial and conciliatory. We hope that the owners will take their turn to make the concession demanded of them. They have often, and rightly, called the miners obstinate and negative. It is they who will deserve these epithets if they persist in their refusal to negotiate nationally.

Mr. Pugh is not among the wild men of Labour, and it is disconcerting to find him declaring at Bournemouth that "The weapon used by the unions last May will not be left unused." It is true that he regards the general strike as a weapon for very exceptional circumstances. It should, in his opinion, be reserved for those occasions on which workers are required to accept "dictated terms." But it is plain that he considers it a weapon which is permanently to be part of the equipment of Labour. He has learned, we must conclude, nothing from the events of last May. He is unaware that at least nine-tenths of the population of this country now deem the General Strike to be both futile and illegal. He has forgotten the pungent terms in which another leader of Trade Unionism, Mr. Cramp, lately described the General Strike as allowing of no half-way methods between the ballot-box and the machine-gun. We do not forget that Mr. Pugh, in common with many Labour leaders, had to save his face at Bournemouth, but he might have done so without sacrificing his reputation for common-sense.

The civil wars of China have lasted so long and are so confused that for months few people in this country have taken any interest in them. The shooting on the Yangtse alters the situation. Three officers and four men have been killed by Chinese soldiers, and British gunboats have been heavily engaged by rifle fire and field-artillery.

There is a certain section of opinion in England which is as ready to shout "Hands off China" as it is to shout "Hands off Russia," and probably this section will loudly demand the punishment of the commanders of the gunboats for firing on innocent coolies peacefully tilling the paddy-

fields. But we think that by far the largest proportion of the people will applaud the gallantry of the rescuing party, who risked their lives 1,600 miles up the Yangtse to save six compatriots, and will strongly support Sir Austen Chamberlain if he sees that adequate protection is afforded for Englishmen going peacefully about their peaceful affairs. The Canton Government has, of course, protested to the Consul-General against the action of the gunboats as "likely to promote another massacre." It is notorious that those on the spot can understand events better than those at a distance, but we venture to think that the action of the gunboats prevented a massacre.

The nominations for the Canadian general election are complete, and the electoral campaign is nearing its close. The constitutional issue arising out of the conduct of Lord Byng has gradually been dropped in favour of tariffs. It has been found difficult to arouse the emotions of an agricultural voter by a discussion of the finer points of constitutional procedure, especially with an inferior harvest just garnered. It is easier to arouse him by suggesting that the other party are going to raise the cost of living. So Mr. Meighen is saying that he will give Canada just so much protection as will keep the wheels of industry moving, a policy on which the people of Canada can depend. Mr. Mackenzie King offers a different plan. He is out for just so much free-trade as will keep the wheels of industry moving, a policy on which the people of Canada can depend. These are more rousing slogans than any analysis of what 'Dicey's Law of the Constitution' has to say about the powers of Governor-Generals, and they seem likely to appeal to the electorate in about equal proportions. It still seems probable that when the election is over the balance of power will be found to rest with the Progressives.

One point of interest raised by Sir Ernest Benn in his recent contribution to *The Times's* symposium of "True Liberalism" was his suggestion that the Liberal Party should throw overboard its newly-acquired cargo of constructive schemes, as being only "political shams." Certainly the more recent explorations of Mr. Lloyd George in the land of industrial and political reform have had about them an unmistakable air of improvisation. We are not among those who claim that Liberalism is dead: it is obviously not; but much of what Liberalism stood for it has now achieved, and it has of late given the impression of desperately casting about for something new. The electoral palate needed tempting: how could the party spend its turn in the wilderness to better advantage than by nosing after truffles? The trouble is that finding no truffles they called in the chemists to devise an *ersatz* fungus. Coal and Power and the Land Reform Schemes bear the manufacturer's trade mark on them. To change the metaphor, they are rare and refreshing fruit—but canned. These things have not been demanded by the public and adopted by the party; they have been adopted by the party (or a section of it) and are being foisted on the public. And the public as yet shows little taste for synthetic foods.

The report issued by the Ministry of Health, showing the loss through sickness, among the insured population only, of twenty-five million weeks' work, is not cheerful reading. How much of this sickness, we would ask, is directly or indirectly due to defects in the feeding of the nation? The kind of cookery favoured in working-class and lower middle-class homes is responsible for the shortening not only of tempers, but of lives. But, beyond that, we have the scandalous quality of most eatables as sold to the poor. Certain multiple shops uphold a good or tolerable standard, and here and there an individual petty tradesman exhibits a stubborn old-fashioned obstinacy when tempted to stock substitutes for human food. But what of the plaster, and the excess moisture, in bread? What of cheese in which coconut oil, a most indigestible thing, compensates for fat-less milk? What of the foul confectionery on which children batten? Surely it is more than time that definite food standards were established, and that the vendors of un-nourishing or mildly poisonous food-stuffs were penalized.

The cinema tragedy in Ireland, though it must excite the deepest sympathy with the trapped victims, need not set us asking whether in Great Britain the precautions are adequate. The regulations applied here to all places of entertainment are such that the risk of disaster is almost eliminated. But the shocking disaster at a railway crossing is quite another matter. This country abounds in railway crossings where a little negligence might cause loss of life. There are crossings where an approaching train can be seen only when it is almost upon the crossing, and the wonder is that accidents have not been more frequent. Over-bridges are no remedy. Their cost falls on the railways, with the result that the two patches of what is, in practice, treated as no-man's-land at either end are kept in order neither by the railway nor by the local authority. Every crossing situate on a bend, or so that the approach of a train is not evident minutes before the train reaches the crossing, ought to be reconstructed, and meanwhile a special warning to motorists ought to be displayed.

At long last a British film-producing company has secured from a British bank the kind of support that American producers have always enjoyed. British National Pictures, Limited, is a company of recent formation, but it has to its credit 'Nell Gwynn' and other intelligent work; it has planned to meet the requirements of other than British cinemas; and it has arranged for distribution through one of the very greatest of the American organizations. There is thus, we rejoice to be able to say, every reason for hoping that the venture will result in British films getting a chance not only here but throughout the world. Seeing that the American film market is about eight times the size of the British, it is impossible for the British film to succeed commercially unless it gains admission to the United States. That British National Pictures should have managed to ensure this, as well as British financial backing on the requisite scale, is the most hopeful news that we have had since the agitation in aid of the British product began.



## TRADE UNION POLICY

**M**R. PUGH, who gave the presidential address to the Trades Union Congress, has a good character as a firm and pugnacious yet withal a sensible trade union leader. He thinks with his head and not with his bowels (as Mr. Cook does), and though he is a convinced Socialist he is not a mere theorist, but has a respect for facts. His address to the Congress on Monday is therefore worth careful study. The circumstances were peculiar. A great industrial dispute is still in progress on which the Trades Union Council took action that was at once extreme and ineffective, and then ran away from it, with the result that it offended nearly every section of opinion in the country. It is well known that the Council neither approved the policy of the Miners' Executive nor believed in the General Strike which it proclaimed, knowing quite well that it would fail; and the trade union movement as a whole has paid the usual penalty for trying to face both ways. It has given no help to the miners and it has seriously injured its own reputation; it looks one way and sees the scowls of those whom it pretended to help the other way and finds itself faced with a distrustful note of interrogation from all whom it tried unsuccessfully to injure. No President of the Congress has ever had such a hard task as Mr. Pugh, and it would be an insincere compliment to say that he discharged his task satisfactorily. Trade unionism is, in fact, at the parting of the ways; it must choose, and that is precisely what it refuses to do. In all organizations there is some inherent vice which gives to extremists a power wholly disproportionate to their numbers, and the trade union movement is not (any more than a political party) an exception to the rule. Most Conservatives recognize the value of trade unionism, but it would take very little to turn their party to frank hostility. Similarly, most trade unionists are fairly reasonable *douce* men, but a very little, as the Communists recognize, would convert trade unionism into a revolutionary force. Had the General Strike ever looked like succeeding, all the moderates would have been swept away, and the average trade unionist, like Barnaby Rudge, would have found himself with a red cap marching at the head of the revolutionaries. Not one trade unionist in a thousand, when the trade unions affiliated themselves with the I.L.P., was a Socialist, but Socialism is the official policy of the Labour Party. Not one Labour man in a thousand is a Communist now, but it only needs an unfortunate combination of circumstances to make Communism the official policy. Let us be honest and face the facts.

It is because we realize this danger very clearly that we have counselled moderation all through the coal dispute. Mr. Baldwin's policy of conciliation, though the course of events has obscured it, is not an amiable fad but genuine *real politik*. Press an issue on which a very large number of men feel very strongly to its logical extremes, and you play into the hands of the extremists. That is why Mr. Churchill is now opposing the logic of the coalowners and urging accommodation; it is also why Mr. Pugh made the speech he did at the Trades Union Congress, seeking to justify the General Strike, when he knows in his heart that a successful general strike would sweep

him and his kind into oblivion and put the Communists on top. But there is this important difference between Mr. Churchill and Mr. Pugh, that whereas Mr. Churchill, as a responsible head of the Government for the time being, has to adjust the differences between opposing parties in the national interest, Mr. Pugh is concerned with one party only. What may be statecraft in the one may be mere poltroonery in the other. Allowances must be made for Mr. Pugh. The coal dispute is still in progress, and if he said publicly all that was in his mind about the policy of the Miners' Executive, it would be regarded by the miners as a treacherous stab in the back delivered by friends. But the facts are plain. Had the miners said what they now say at the end of April, there need never have been a stoppage, and the only change made by this ruinous four months' struggle has been to put the Eight Hours Act on the Statute Book and to imperil the chance of a national settlement at all. Everybody sees that; Mr. Pugh does not like to say it publicly with the dispute still unsettled. For that he may be forgiven. But he should not have tried to justify the General Strike or to give it a place in the armoury of trade unions. You cannot have a General Strike without being unconstitutional and without employing weapons which, if they fail, make you ridiculous, and if they succeed, usher in the revolution. Mr. Cramp saw the truth and expressed it vividly when he said that in the circumstances prevailing in the General Strike there was "No half-way-house between the ballot box and the machine-gun." But what is true of the General Strike is also true to a greater or less extent of all strikes by a key industry on a national scale. It is true that the one is an assault, the other a blockade, but the result is the same. Mr. Pugh, when he tries to justify a general strike, is playing with fire and preparing for himself the fate of Kerensky and all Girondists. He must choose between the two alternatives that present themselves to trade unionism—constitutionalism and revolution—and having chosen he must fight for his choice. Victory in these contests goes to those who know their own mind and will take most risks for their faith. The moderate who refuses to take risks is at the outset beaten by the extremist, who is prepared to take any.

Mr. Pugh is a Socialist, and he conditions most of his ideas by the adoption of Socialism in some form. Yet he denied that a mere change in the ownership of the mines would solve our difficulties. "But if," he continued, "with public ownership there was invoked a spirit of new endeavour, of co-operation between the workers of hand and brain in place of the present antagonism and strife . . . they had then those conditions in which real justice could be done to the workers . . . with their status as wealth producers and partners in a great industry fully recognized, and untold benefits conferred on the whole community." Excellent; and notice the word "partners." But why should partnership be easier under a Socialistic system in which everyone would be a partner than under an individualistic system in which the miners would have to deal only with a comparatively few owners? He returned to the idea of partnership and co-operation later in his speech when he suggested that the time had come for altering the wage system



and substituting for it some scientific division of the product of industry amongst those who had a right to it. Mr. Pugh is vague, but if he imagines that the wage system is the key principle of individualism he is very wrong. Every honest capitalist aims at a more scientific division of the product of industry; and the very essence of individualism is that the profits in an industry should be distributed in juster proportion to the value of the work done. Most of us will agree that certain kinds of ability are extravagantly paid and would welcome a more scientific division of the rewards of industry if one could be found, and it is a complete fallacy to suppose that the present system is bound up with fixed wages independent of individual ability or exertion, or that it would not welcome a new and more elastic distribution of the rewards in proportion to the value of services. It is, on the contrary, the essence not of individualism but of Socialism that it substitutes the idea of fixed wages for the idea of rewards proportionate to ability and service. Its effect is to reduce every worker to the level of the least able. Let Mr. Pugh think out his principles a little further, and he may succeed in putting in practical form those eminently Conservative ideals of co-operation between masters and men and some scheme of co-partnership. He may even arrive at the old truth that the interests of capital and labour are identical. But he will first have to deal with his own extremists more vigorously than he is apparently inclined to do.

## GERMANY AND GENEVA

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT]

Geneva, September 7, 1926

FOR the seventh year in succession the *hôtelières* of Geneva have hung out the flags of almost every nation and international organization on earth, and pots of flowers and ferns have been placed at the entrance to the Assembly Hall and wherever else they may catch and please the eye of the honourable delegates from Persia and Panama, Austria and Abyssinia. For the seventh year in succession, statesmen have met again in the dining room of the Hôtel Victoria, which becomes the lobby of the Assembly, and have chaffed each other, patted each other on the back, and behaved a little like portly schoolboys on the first day of term. New delegates are painfully modest, retiring, anxious to imitate the behaviour of their more experienced colleagues. I read in the local paper that the Genevese police are again allowing cafés and kindred places to remain open until two o'clock in the morning during the Assembly Session.

But with all this there are plenty of delegates who are aware that this Assembly is not as other Assemblies. They have not forgotten the crisis of last March, when the Special Assembly to admit Germany left the German Delegates drinking beer and trying to look unconcerned in the Hôtel Métropole. Nor have they failed to realize how nearly the national pride of the Spaniards has brought us to a repetition of the March crisis. It is not for nothing that Herr Stresemann has, on this occasion, refused to budge from Berlin until his country has been duly elected a member of the League and of its Council. He can afford to run no risks of being left once more on the doormat.

From the journalistic point of view it may almost be said that the Seventh Assembly was over before

it began. By the end of last week the Council had unanimously approved the report of the Commission on the composition of the Council, and had thereby promised Germany a permanent seat on the Council and had recommended the increase in temporary seats from six to nine. The admission of Germany to the League thus became as certain as anything can be in international politics, and the journalist can only be expected to show excited interest when there is uncertainty and crisis.

There are many people who dislike the compromise that has been reached. First, there are the Spaniards, who do not get their permanent seat. Then there are those enthusiasts who always dislike compromise of any sort and who would willingly wreck the League or anything else with which they had dealings in order to protect their so-called "principles." And then there are those governments who trust to the Council to help them in emergencies and who feel that the bigger the Council the more slowly will it move. But these grievances, however justified, cannot for one moment weigh down the scale against the solid advantages of having Germany in the League. The Council will now be a more unwieldy body than it was in the past, but, on the other hand, it will command much more respect since nobody will ever again be able to accuse it of being "pro-allied"—that bastard word which now passes out of the language.

A word about Spain. General Primo de Rivera, and still more, it is alleged, his Foreign Minister, Señor Yenguas, have been unable to learn their lesson from Brazil. The Brazilians chose nearly to wreck the League because they felt their national dignity was not treated with sufficient deference. The Spaniards have behaved better, but they stand to lose much more. Señor Quinones de Leon, who has represented Spain on the Council since the beginning, has frequently been the arbiter of international affairs because his country happened to have been the largest neutral European nation during the war. Outside the League, Spain becomes a second-rate power, notable chiefly for the excellence of her wines and the instability of her governments. Furthermore, she becomes extremely unpopular since all the fulsome flattery that has been showered upon her by the British and the French has been showered in vain. Pride is frequently a dangerous quality, and the case of Spain is likely to become a classic example of the folly to which it may lead a government.

There is good reason to believe that General Primo de Rivera himself would like to climb down from the singularly uncomfortable tree up which he has got himself, but it is notably more difficult to climb down than to climb up where questions of pride and prestige are concerned, and the operation must take time. Few people in Geneva believe that Spain will remain aloof for very long, and it might almost be said that few people believe that the present regime in Spain will long survive this heavy blow, for Spain finds herself refused her permanent seat and, at the same time, she gravely damages her chances of obtaining satisfaction in Tangier. With the exception of Italy, most of her friends of to-day will no longer be her friends to-morrow. One is sorry for Spain, but she will have to learn that international peace is more important than national pride. The other nations in Geneva have gone to rather undignified lengths to beg Spain to continue her collaboration, but this is not to be regretted, since their efforts prove once and for all that the blame for the Spanish rebuff rests entirely on the Spaniards themselves.

As is only to be expected, Spain and Germany are the principal topics of conversation, but the United States is a good third. The citizens of Kansas City, Seattle, and the rest of them are here in greater strength than ever before. Last year I mentioned that the International Club had become to such an extent their

preserve that billiard players were expected not to play at lunch time lest the click of the billiard balls should disturb the earnest conversation which accompanies the American luncheons. This year, however, the invasion is still more complete—the billiard tables have been removed altogether. If the Americans learnt much about world affairs from their visits here, then they would be very welcome. But one fears that they are interested mainly in the smart young attachés with titles whom they invite out to dances and in the elderly statesmen whom they invite out to dinner and speeches. The more humble of us are growing a little tired of being trampled upon by these self-satisfied and determined young ladies from the New World.

## WAR-GRAVES IN AFRICA

NEWS of the first official pilgrimage to our graves in Gallipoli sets one thinking of other war-graves to which, in all probability, no pilgrimage will ever be made. Strange, musical names recur to the memory—Amaramba, Quahabolo, M'pangas, Behobeho, Waransi, Kondo, Serengeti, and a score of others; some of which stand for white-washed forts and villages, some for a brown huddle of tumble-down huts, some for forgotten camps that the bush has swallowed long ago. Or there are burial places never named on any survey, such as that green and humid acre, skirted in the old days by an elephant-path, where thirty-seven Baluchis and, strangely enough, a single Kashmiri, rest in sodden ground, in the pestilent valley of the Rufiji. Most vividly of all, one pictures a squat pyramid of concrete, near Iringa, which covers four men of the 4th South African Horse, who were surprised while bathing in a narrow drift that crosses the road. Their seventeen comrades lined a narrow depression that ran beside the path, and for hours returned with their rifles the fire of two Companies of German Askari, with machine guns, till the enemy retired, leaving forty-four dead under the bullet-scarred trees. It would be hard to say what these men died for, or what they thought they died for—men of various creeds and nations, English and Dutch, Indians and Africans. Some few, no doubt, for the cause of justice and liberty, some for the Empire, some for England, many for the mere love of fighting or the lust of adventure. Howsoever, they died. It would be a pity if their memory perished wholly because they chose remote and unfrequented spots to die in.

White, brown and black; Balliol men or raw pagans, they were a great and honourable company. They need no dirge; or if they need one there is the Song of Lost Endeavour, for they were told to weariness that the campaign was a side-show, without influence on the issue of the Great War. And yet not wholly lost, since it revealed to the world a little more of that strange land which, like the figure in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo, "fascinates and is intolerable." We who saw them die and know their wild resting-places, would pay them no idle tribute if we could pierce the hearts of men with some sense of the vast and thrilling wilderness which they have occupied with their bones. Indeed the one substantial and enduring prize that they purchased for us by their sacrifices is the proud and inalienable knowledge of what the men of our own blood or allegiance had it in them to bear and do. To re-create and re-live the emotions and perceptions from which they passed unflinching into silence, to realize the stage on which they played out their heroic parts, will stir a little the dust of oblivion that begins to settle thickly on a past that is now nearly ten years old.

The character of the African bush is of something at once intimate and enormous. Every camping-

ground, every halting-place, had its own individuality, as though some local spirit had expressed its secret purpose exactly in that precise disposition of stone and ant-heap and stunted tree, saying mutely: "You shall forget everything else in this monotonous and empty land; but just this one picture you shall carry with you till you die." And the next day and the next a different place told you the same story; and soon you came to learn that as space, according to some philosophers, is made up of an infinite number of spaces, so is Africa formed of innumerable miniatures of itself, each subtly different from all the rest, and each perfectly characteristic of the whole. Over all brooded a strangeness which increased, rather than lessened, with the passage of time and the marching of hundreds upon hundreds of miles. It is a strangeness unaffected by familiarity, something edged and perverse and watchful, inherent in the very nature of the earth and sky. Indeed one is at first struck by the absence of any arresting difference in the landscape from what one has known all one's life. The trees are almost like the trees of a meagre English woodland, the wider expanses are often curiously reminiscent of the slopes of an English park. But by degrees a certain odd quality of suddenness or surprise is perceived to be present everywhere: an air of astonishment pervades the material objects of which the nearer scenery is composed, as of ordinary things translated into some unfamiliar medium just outside the time and space of every day. A similar effect may be seen in some of the cleverer landscapes of the Post-impressionist schools.

This seeming abstraction from the common world-process, this faint but unmistakable transcendence of the normal, produces not unnaturally an intermittent illusion of timelessness. You feel, at moments, that you have wandered into a world that has shed the endlessly-woven veil of temporal succession, and presents itself to your reluctant apprehension under the naked and colourless light of a dawn before the beginning of change. A joyless intuition of eternity invades the mind and is reinforced by the changeless aspect of a region that is unfathomably old but has no history. You know that the waterhole at which you rest is the only point for twenty miles in any direction at which human life can permanently maintain itself, and you infer that the handful of silent natives whose huts are clustered round it are but the latest members of a dateless succession, which reaches back beyond the birth of Nineveh. Yet of the previous generations there is no least relic or memorial: they are sunk without trace in the vegetable ocean of the bush. Nowhere in this huge land is there stone, or mound, or cave, or any work of man which a forest-fire would not obliterate as though it had never been. Amid such an environment human existence passes visibly "in a round where life seems barren as death."

The psychological effect of wandering in small military columns for month upon month through this acrid, sun-steeped wilderness cannot be fairly estimated from the accounts of explorers or sportsmen or women journalists, who have gone there, after all, for their own purposes, and under conditions, to a large extent, of their own choosing. They had a limited object to achieve, and if they were tired, there was nothing to prevent them making for the nearest port. It was different for the troops. They were moved hither and thither like pawns not knowing "whose dam column they were in, nor where they were trekking, nor why:" under-equipped, under-fed; without tents, and almost without baggage; now lying idle for weeks in some steaming swamp, now making incredible forced marches to corner an enemy who always melted away. They never spoke to a white woman; they never ate a civilized meal; they had no prospect of leave; they had hardly any mails; they seemed to themselves eternally cut off, doomed to

perpetual vagabondage in a world that was forgotten before the world we know was made. And for the most part they were sick men, wrung with dysentery, shaken with fever, tattered scarecrows, who moved the contemptuous pity of the stray Germans, always well-fed and well-clothed, who fell into their hands. They were spared the horrors of scientific warfare that tortured and slew their comrades on European battlefields, but their manhood also was not untried, nor was it found wanting. Let them, too, in the words of Pericles "receive individually that renown which never grows old; and for a sepulchre, not so much that in which their bones have been deposited," (and which none of their own race will ever behold) "but that noblest of shrines wherein their glory is laid up to be eternally remembered."

## MOCCA IN THE SHADE

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

Salzburg

THE Summer Festival at Salzburg is now an event of European importance. The very best music and drama are here offered to the public for a whole month in ideal setting. The old-world town of Salzburg, lying among the woods and mountains of Austria, is alone worth coming out to see.

Here, during August, one may see the great by the light of the every-day sun, climbing hills or swimming, flirting with the ladies whose pictures we have admired in that kind of magazine, or pensively picking their teeth in the more obscure corners of the cafés. Do not make the mistake of discussing them in public—their uncle, impressario, or wife of the moment is sitting just behind you; that innocent little lady with the double chin, the honest gentleman with three necks and an alpaca coat. These friends and relations are always so stationed for the purpose of lapping up everything that is said and then repeating a version that betters your original. So is the wheel of gossip kept turning.

If you have no friends behind the wings you will find some difficulty in locating your hero of last night; shorn of his Mephistophelean cloak and well placed blue spot light it is improbable that you will recognize him. If he be a tenor he will almost certainly be embellished by side-whiskers and an extensive feminine audience. A "basso" you can spot by his inordinately large can of beer and size in waistcoats. A conductor generally wears a flat and battered hat, for this is in the musical tradition. He will gesticulate rhythmically with his coffee spoon, and the back of his hair will be very admirably though not very closely cut. An actor will probably wear shorts and the peasant jacket of yellow or blue linen, but you should not put your money on this because the peasants have also been known to wear peasant dress. An actress is not, as you might imagine, got up in the feminine counterpart of this costume. These pretty girls in short sleeves and aprons are Americans or wealthy Jewesses from Berlin. The really famous actress has, if of Teutonic extraction, an air at once soulful and practical. Her eyes are filled with wordless longings, her pockets with excellent sandwiches and "würst." She has clearly no time to spend on the arrangement of her hair (long), which hangs in a fine disorder that would have delighted Herrick and such connoisseurs of the pastoral. She has no faith in the sun. Her boots are thick, and over her admirer's arm hangs a serviceable mackintosh.

How do you spend your day? Well, you get up, if you have been to bed, and drift towards the "Café Bazaar." You discuss with an eminent journalist the minor failings of the man at the next table, poet or

actor or whatever he may be. You comment on the hat and reputation of the lady who passes, unaware that she is now under the friendly care of your *vis-à-vis*. Some acquaintances drop in and join you. They introduce their friend the famous producer Spotsheiner. If playwriting is your trade you then get to business and attempt to palm off upon this harmless gentleman your early masterpiece. If you are a circus owner you comment in admiration on the long-lived passion for mass production, touch on the Greeks, the Californians, and offer him your circus building at a moderate million. It is easily convertible into a forest or a church. If you are a pretty girl you remember with pride that you put on your blue frock and indicate that everyone says you are just cut out to play Ophelia—or Kiki, according to your man. If you are a journalist you speculate on the probability of Reinhardt producing Peter Pan in Pekin—is it true that Pirandello is writing an emended edition of Hamlet? No, music is not a dead art. But here you turn to your neighbour on the left. He has written six operas. One of them was produced ten years ago in Durndorf or Littlebletchingpool. We have not heard of it again. He bangs the table with his fist so as to make the glasses rattle and surprise the waiter. "No sir, by God, you are right. We modern composers—we musicians of the future . . ." You think you have heard this before somewhere, so you remember that it is time for the rehearsal of the play in which you are interested, let us say, Goldoni's 'Servant of Two Masters,' and slip discreetly away.

You go across to the "Stadt Theatre" and stumble up some dark stairs. You open a heavy door and glide as noiselessly as mountain boots will let you across the back of the stage, draped with ropes and ladders and virgin pasteboard forests. You trip over the *jeune-premier* biting off-stage into a large slab of sausage before he dashes on in front to make a languishing declaration of despair. At last you are in your seat in the comparative obscurity of the auditorium. Had you been in less of a hurry you might have managed to sit next the ravishing Lilly Tosh, *première danseuse* of the Viennese ballet. How adorable she looks in that ridiculous felt hat. Next her is young Thalmanshof, son of the famous poet. The intent figure silhouetted so squarely against the stage-lights is Reinhardt. Just now he is doubled up with laughing at Herman Thimig who, as Trufaldino, is wreathing his head with macaroni, damp and realistic. The quiet figure beside Reinhardt, with the still, expressive face, is Helene Thimig, perhaps Vienna's most famous actress. "No!" shouts a decisive voice from the gallery—"Go back to the beginning of that scene. That door is abominable. They must move it and you come on centre. Where's the theatre master?" That is Dr. Hoch, Reinhardt's most important producer, who acts as vice-regent, directing rehearsals in both Berlin and Vienna when Reinhardt is not there. By him sits Metzel, genial and serene, in leather shorts and linen coat. He is another viceroy and is peculiarly notable for his competent good humour. The theatrical skies may fall and the "rain" refuse to rain—he is always cheerful and unhurried. Now Reinhardt springs up and for a moment plays a part himself—some new gesture or comic touch which had escaped the actor.

Then they begin to sing. It is only in England that this bursting into song on the stage presents any real difficulty to the actor; here a quite untrained voice sings out with a gallant lack of self-consciousness, and though it has no gurgling operatic effect it is probably very tuneful and pleasant to the ear. The tall figure in the orchestra-pit, bent from the neck like a heron, is Baumgartner, conducting the music he himself arranged. Heron-like he flaps his hands and hair and shouts down the actors with a fine arrogance when anything goes wrong. Lord, how they work! Over and over again. You remember wistfully the peaceful



London rehearsals where your friends drowsed contentedly over their books.

Lilly Tosh with attendant swain goes quietly out. It must be time for lunch. You rush over to the Oesterreichischer Hof in the hope that she will be there. On the Terrace you find several friends from Vienna. They beg you to sit at their table. You eat an admirably cooked meal and discuss the early Italian opera. Trætta in St. Petersburg, in Paris the *Querre des Bouffons*—the pale gold of this Rhineish wine breeds stagnance. A violinist from Budapest joins you. The "Salzburger Nockerl" are frothy and light and delicious. By turning your head slightly you can just see Lilly Tosh—God's in His Heaven.

You all move over to the Bazaar. Sitting pleasantly in the shade of a chestnut you balance your mocca cup in one hand and the "Bühm" in the other. Everyone is there. You stay till it is time to dress for the theatre. After the theatre you drive through lanes of dark trees to a festival at Leopoldskron, Reinhardt's house, lit with a thousand candles that reflect their waving points of light in the lake. Then you drift on to the "Europe" to dance till the sun comes up. And so it all begins again. The Salsach rushes by, green and hurrying. High up and far beyond you see the snow-covered tops of the Hutusbug and Tånige mountains, a vague, unreal reality.

## QUESTIONS TO BEG

BY GERALD GOULD

TO put to anybody a question about anything is to lay him under a very delightful obligation. So doing, you set a match to his spirit, and it burns within him like the candle in a lantern. You awake simultaneously his interest in himself and his interest in the world outside himself. There is no surer method of giving pleasure. And to ask about religion, as two papers have just been doing, is to give pleasure peculiarly great. For, whether they know it or not, people are more interested in religion than they can possibly be in their business, their pleasures, their politics. Even if they imagine that they believe in nothing beyond the occupation of the day, they involuntarily set that occupation against some vaster background, and assume the encompassing significance which they deny. So, to be asked to search one's mind for what one really believes in, to test one's brief and often ridiculous desires by the measure of some ultimate integrity, is to be given a task at once exciting and exalting.

The actual questionnaire, of course, is vague. That was inevitable. It had to be brief; and to be brief, on such a subject, is to beg all the questions that you are raising. "Do you believe in a personal God?" runs the first question; and the second complements it: "Do you believe in an impersonal, purposive, and creative power of which living beings are the vehicle, corresponding to the Life Force, the *élan vital*, the Evolutionary Appetite, etc.?" The first question assumes, you see, that you know what is meant by a person: the second assumes that you can imagine purpose, creation, life and appetite as the functions of something impersonal! The third question runs simply: "Do you believe that the basis of reality is matter?" But who will first define matter, and reality? The questions, in short, save to those who have already found an answer in faith,

mean nothing. They are attempts to reduce to words the one sacred and secret thing which is irreducible. But it does not follow that they are useless or unimportant. If they set people thinking about ultimates, that is enough. Nobody can frame within the human intelligence a solution of that puzzle in which the human intelligence is but a part; the puzzle is set by something different from our own framers of questionnaires; we cannot expect these latter to re-set it in terms which imply the unattainable solution. Never mind. Every man carries about with him, closer to his heart than his doubts or his day-dreams, an inextinguishable conviction that there is something worth while—something, moreover, which gives worth-whileness to other things. To peer into it for a precision which it does not yield is no waste of time. Why, even to talk about wasting time implies that standard beyond temporal casualties. We cannot waste time, unless it is better to spend it in one way than in another; and we cannot know that one way is better than another, unless we can find something with which to compare both the other and the one.

Mr. William Clissold, Mr. Wells's latest hero, records how he and his brother invented in their youth a "Mr. G."—"a symbol for all the petty malignities and kindnesses of the weather, and the chances of hill and road, and the turn of the cards, for all those caprices of accident indeed that were then called 'Providential.'" This "Mr. G.," of course, was a definitely and intentionally blasphemous creation; the high spirits of youth were expressing themselves in a kicking-up of heels and a waving of humorous defiance to the air; and high-spirited youth might reasonably (by which I mean unreasonably) suppose that its own conception of "accident" was clearer and more logical than its parents' conception of Providence. But fussy "Mr. G." has had his counterpart in seriously invented gods. There is almost nothing so trivial or so odd that it has not at one time or another been worshipped: the cat, the dog, the bull, the doll, the painted or the unpainted stick, the graven image, the senseless stone, the tree, the murderer, the hot-eyed old man with a beard. Man's large impulse of worship suffers a hasty diminution when he tries to cram it into visible object or legible formula: there is no more terrible single word in poetry than Rossetti's *also* in that melancholy closing stanza of 'The Burden of Nineveh':

... Those heavy wings spread high  
So sure of flight, which do not fly;  
That set gaze never on the sky;  
Those scripted flanks it cannot see;  
Its crown, a brow-contracting load;  
Its planted feet which trust the sod . . .  
(So grew the image as I trod:)  
O Nineveh, was this thy God,—  
Thine also, mighty Nineveh?

To ask whether it is better to worship an ugly, foolish or wicked object than it is not to worship at all, would be to start another and more questionable questionnaire. For it depends on what you mean by worship. The important fact is that we all worship something beautiful, even when we are busy teaching ourselves and other people to worship something ugly. The instinct is stronger than the intention, and we believe better than we know.

The man in the street, then, could scarcely be more honourably or happily employed than stand-

ing in the middle of the street and putting himself through a questionnaire. "Do you believe in a personal God?" he asks himself, amid the motor-buses. He cannot answer the question. He cannot attach an exact significance to the word "personal"; he cannot define God. He cannot answer the question, he can only beg it. But begging is a very profitable form of humility. Beggars cannot be refusers.

I say advisedly "the man in the street." It is about him that the churches are nowadays most exercised, because he remains in the street and does not enter the open portals of the church. For those who *have* so entered, whose way is made straight with conviction and creed, of course the questionnaire on their beliefs presents no difficulties. They need not bother themselves with ambiguities about the "Life Force"; they know what they have seen. For them, the universal instinct has found an object, the universal interest a language. But the "Life Force" continues to be offered in the street. Asking himself what, if anything, is meant by that, the ordinary man may not succeed in discovering a definite object for his worship, but he is likely to succeed in discovering that he is a worshipper. The motor-buses go by him, and the rumours, and the demands and denials of living; he knows that there are wars and ardours and disappointments, but not for very long; he knows that there is something else, which remains. He cannot answer your questions or his own; but he knows.

## A FILM ACTOR

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

THE other day I saw the very worst film I have seen for years. It was impossible to believe that the people who produced it were serious, that they were not roaring with laughter as they tacked on one hackneyed melodramatic situation after another to their drivelling narrative. The players were as bad as the film—with one exception, the man who played the ruffianly castaway on the desert island. This actor is an old screen acquaintance of mine, and whenever a film has a particularly brutish character in it, a murderous tramp and the like, I expect to see this man and am disappointed if I do not. He is, however, a very busy person, and so I am rarely disappointed. He plays both in serious and comic films, wherever a ruffian is wanted. I have probably seen him more times than I have seen Charlie Chaplin or Harold Lloyd or Douglas Fairbanks, yet I do not know his name. If his name is mentioned, then I have always overlooked it. His appearance, however, is as familiar to me as that of my oldest friends. I could shudderingly recognize him anywhere. (What a queer thrill he could give us if, being on holiday in this country, he suddenly climbed into our railway carriage and sat there glowering at us!) Everybody who has seen a few films must know the man I mean. He is only of medium height, but has an immense breadth of shoulder and a gigantic head. His face, with its low retreating forehead, glittering little eyes, huge spreading barbaric nose and vast blubber of a mouth, is singularly repulsive. A genuine shudder, like a little breath of wind among

leaves, runs through the audience when that face first appears, perhaps pushing itself, in a slow bestial fashion, out of some undergrowth.

What a curious destiny is his!—to be the world's brute, sent for whenever it is necessary that a sweet young girl should be foully assaulted and a gallant young hero should prove his mettle. In one sense, of course, he may be said to be fortunate, for being in such demand he must make an extremely comfortable living out of his face, that very face which would surely prevent his rising in any other capacity, for few people, I imagine, would readily employ such an unprepossessing person. He has been lucky in the fact that his face and the films have, as it were, arrived together, so that being outrageously ugly, he becomes an actor of some consequence. Of him, even more than of all the beautiful ladies and handsome young men of the films, it can be said that his face is his fortune. Moreover, unlike them, he has no need to worry because time is bringing wrinkles and a double chin; he can afford to neglect the mirror; he can snap his fingers at all dieting and massage. He goes his way without fear of growing less ugly. He can still be ruffian-in-chief when his present juvenile "leads" have dwindled into fathers and mothers, lawyers and chaperones. Time—as Mr. Yeats might have said to him—can but make his ugliness over again, because of that great brutishness of his. There can be few other persons so happily situated, living on their appearance and yet not caring a rap what happens to it, whether they are becoming fatter or thinner. How odd it would be, though, if in this world, where most of us grow steadily uglier, the process were maliciously reversed for this one actor of ours, so that he discovered, to his dismay as an artist if to his gratification as a man, that he was suddenly growing good-looking! We can imagine him consulting his glass every morning, and remarking, with the most curiously mixed feelings, the lengthening forehead, the sharpened nose and the dwindling mouth. There are, however, no signs of this process being in operation. He remains, triumphantly, our ugliest man.

That, of course, is to be somebody. His face and figure, which must send the producers in Hollywood into raptures, are known all over the world. Is he proud of the fact? Is he the complete actor, with temperament and book of press-cuttings, or is he some simple soul, thankful to earn the money but, for the rest, deeply ashamed of the business, resenting the part he always has to play? Let us admit, to begin with, that his looks may be no true guide to his character. Just as some of the apparently sensitive and noble young creatures with whom he plays are probably in reality heartless young cads, so too behind this bestial mask of his there may be a good, simple soul, a man who would not hurt a fly. If he is at all sensitive, then he is not so very fortunate as would first appear. At any and every moment during the day his face is sending a shiver of repulsion through whole hosts of his fellow creatures. He has lurched and scowled through the nightmares of innumerable screaming children. At the very sight of him, flickering there on the screen, the girls forget their chocolates and squeeze the hands that are holding theirs, and the young men tighten their jaws and smoke ferociously. The moment that he finally disappears

from the scene, having been knocked on the head or hurled over a cliff, is the signal for a general sigh of relief and perhaps an outbreak of applause. To people all over the world he is the personification of brutality, assault, murder.

I have seen him act in more films than I could number, yet I do not ever remember seeing him perform a decent action. He looks a brute, and he has to play the brute with all the thoroughness demanded by his melodramatic Hollywood. But he is always, of course, the unsuccessful brute. Now, whatever he may be in private life, he cannot enjoy playing such a part. If he is something of a brute himself, delighting in a fight and the rough wooing of pretty girls, it cannot be any satisfaction to him to be perpetually defeated in the public gaze, to pretend to be knocked down by soft youngsters who dare not set a finger on him off the stage, to be foiled by silly women flourishing empty revolvers. He is obviously a very powerful man, and it must be a great strain to give up fight after fight for the sake of some trumpery melodramatic notion of virtue triumphant. I must confess that for my part I should like to see him run amok in at least one film. In the very bad film I saw him in, the other day, he could have had my full permission to kill and eat the silly hero and heroine, a dreadfully sentimental pair, who were for ever talking about being married in the sight of God. To have seen them—and all the other characters in the picture—knocked on the head by our friend would have given me great pleasure, and would have made a novel and entertaining film out of what was merely stale nonsense. The element of surprise never seems to enter the Hollywood scheme of things, otherwise this actor might be allowed sometimes to succeed. Let us have a few films with villainy triumphant.

He might also—and more subtly—be allowed to be decent for once. If he is not really the brute he appears—and there is no reason why he should be, for faces, however monstrous, count for little—then how heartily sick he must be of playing these bestial parts! To act regularly, month after month, year after year, and never to be given a single decent action to perform, not a single gesture that is not brutish, to be compelled to stifle, during working hours, every kind impulse, to have to live down, in the world's eye, to one's unhappy features—this is not to be so very fortunate after all. How ironical—and how very characteristic of this life—it would be if this fellow were in reality a man of exemplary character, who found himself disgusted by the private life of the handsome noble-looking creatures, those idols of the public, whose part in the shadow show is to restrain his pretended villainy! Surely it is high time his employers rid themselves of the idea that virtue always wears a handsome face and that a grotesque mask is necessarily the mark of a ruffian. No doubt the tastes of those hordes of young girls whose ninepences arrive at the pay-box twice a week must be consulted first, so that handsome young men will have to be heroes and heroes will have to be handsome young men. But I think the rest of the audience, who dislike monotony, should have their tastes consulted too, on occasion, and a film with a handsome young scoundrel in it and a downright ugly hero might very well be provided for us. It would introduce a little variety into the picture theatre, and it would, I am sure,

be a welcome change for our friend, the ugliest man, and other actors of his type. The sight of a film hero a great deal uglier even than I am would be most welcome to me, and there are others who would join me in applauding when he had to knock an Adonis or two on the head as part of his heroic routine. To those film magnates who chance to see this page, and find no difficulty in reading it, I commend the notion.

## THE THEATRE

### MR. FAGAN'S MR. PEPYS

BY IVOR BROWN

*And So to Bed. The Queen's Theatre.*

TO write plays about "real people" may be a labour-saving device, but it also submits the dramatist to constant hot water. His task involves less invention and more contrivance and so it may be argued that he earns his royalties more easily than the rival who spins plots and persons from his own brain. On the other hand to make a play about a great favourite or a controversial figure is to turn the whips of criticism into the scorpions of rage. In some such cases the artistic judgment is swept away in the hurricane of political debate. In others there are literary sensibilities eagerly waiting to be offended. Write a play about Will Shakespeare—but Miss Clemence Dane can tell you what happens then. Mr. Fagan has been brave in making Pepys his theme, since everybody has his own Pepys laid up before his mind's eye. For my part I suggest that he gives the Pepysians value for money if he only gives them a grievance, which is not to suggest that he has given them nothing else.

Whenever I see Hamlet I am the more convinced that the part cannot be acted save by some unnatural extremity of genius. Hamlet being everything, as it were all beauty, ugliness, nobility, coarseness, generosity and egotism buttoned in a single jacket, what can the player do but select a mood and back his fancy with his skill? We have had our beautified Hamlets and our rough-edged, railing Hamlets, and both are right. Is there within one evening's span, one player's compass room and scope for the whole of Hamlet? And so with Mr. Pepys. We may easily combine the diligent servant of the Navy Office with the effervescent man about town. Less easily can we match the decent, kindly, cultivated Pepys with the disgusting lecher of the affair Bagwell. We know, of course, that Pepys could be most things to most men and all things to all women. The evidence is there, eight volumes of it. Samuel may, for reasons of vanity, have written himself up like a naughty boy bragging of his mischief. But while we scale an inch or two off the height of Samuel's sins, knowing that the average sensual confessor must naturally crave something beyond the average to confess, we cannot escape the breadth of his taste and the range of his pursuits. Mr. Chesterton said of Dickens that he was not a man, but a mob. Greatness often packs the crowd into a single cranium. Pepys was Court, Council, and Commons rolled into one; in short, a rabble under a single periwig. That rabble is not to be confined within the two-and-a-half hours traffic of our stage.

In the spring we had musical Pepys under guidance of Mr. Clifford Bax. That piece gave a charming glimpse of a man for whom life was a carnival. The administrator was merged to the point of invisibility in the singer, the sight-seer, the charmer of serving-girls, the frequenter of stage-doors. Mr. Bax's Mr. Pepys never rose at dawn to apply himself to mathe-



matics or the orations of Cicero and would surely have set his Victualling Contracts to music for a jolly evening's entertainment. Mr. Fagan is more catholic than Mr. Bax. We start with the austerities. Pepys the plodder, Pepys the patriot, Pepys the champion of the lower-deck become strongly articulate. Over and above that we are given a fabrication of a farcical order in which the corners of an amorous quadrangle are taken by Samuel and his Elizabeth, by the King and Mrs. Knight the singer. The result is a play with a good deal of what the Americans call "theatre" about it. I am not one of those who think that "theatre" is the last thing that should be discovered behind a stage-curtain. For Pepys so much of existence was a gay charade that his ghost has no grievance if it sees its corporeal original popped into a chest whose lid the king and his wife are soon to occupy for pleasant purposes of mutual proximity.

It all happened because Pepys would see more of Mrs. Knight, a lady of whom the king was constantly seeing too much. The motives of his visitation were mixed. The lady had a voice; she had also a leg. She was to sing his compositions, beauty coming forward for the benefit of 'Beauty Retire.' How jolly for Samuel, who would thus combine the uplifting moments of a musical evening with what Yellowplush called "lacy ally and easy pleasantry." I quote from memory and memory, on this occasion, was Samuel's failing. He forgot that his king was in the habit of enjoying "lacy ally," of supping morganatically, and of accepting invitations to stay the night with singers, particularly with those singers whose charms did not end with the larynx. He also forgot Mistress Pepys, who had some natural suspicions about the kind of harmony established during her husband's musical evenings. She followed him to the lodging of Mrs. Knight in Gray's Inn Fields; thus there was played a foursome in the familiar style of straight fooling and cross purposes. And so, in a third act, to reconciliation with musical honours.

The second act of this piece would seem entertaining to the play-goer who knew nothing of the diarist and cared less. That is a strong point. There is no reason why a play about Pepys should be aimed exclusively at the public which has Wheatley on its shelves and hungers only for a collector's piece of genuine Restoration markings. Mr. Fagan has attempted the best of both worlds; he has tried to conform to extraordinary diary and ordinary drama in a single utterance. I happened to see the piece at its first performance before it came to London and it certainly gave a great deal of pleasure to people whom I did not conceive to be all specialists on the sixteen-sixties. The more exacting taste may want more "period" and less plot. To my mind Mr. Fagan's embroidering of the scanty allusions to Mrs. Knight made satisfactory cloth. Mr. Nigel Playfair has used the word "mid-brow" and that is a good enough epithet for 'And So to Bed.'

I feel uneasy about judging the acting on its Manchester form. Mr. Gwenn, I imagine, will wear Samuel's periwig more lightly by now; his acting was pertinacious when I saw it and the "lacy ally" came more by effort than by nature. Miss Mary Grey proved Mrs. Knight to be an agreeable songstress, but in both cases I thought the casting to be less than just to the piece. On the other hand Miss Yvonne Arnaud was delicious as Mistress Pepys; the comedy seemed suddenly to lift itself in style and quicken itself in speed whenever she took the stage. No wonder that Pepys was a jealous husband in such company; incredible that he could ever have been a false one. Of course the lady had a temper, but Miss Arnaud set it flashing with such delicious sparks that it ought to have kindled her man to a very ecstasy of martyrdom. Pepys might well have been the happy slave to such a mistress instead of drabbing it in Deptford, as in fact, or trespassing on royal property, as in this fable.

Miss Arnaud was at once the intruder at her husband's feast and the life and soul of the party. Mr. Allan Jeayes is an excellent actor for all occasions. He can play King Charles as admirably as he could play a caliph or a costermonger—and did so. The production was unforced; these "period" pieces can evoke a pettifogging "artiness" which is more tiresome than any crudity. Mr. Fagan never cosseted his play with a special diet of airs and graces and the tunes that tinkled through it were an accompaniment that journeyed with the story instead of overriding it.

## ART

### THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

By ANTHONY BERTRAM

YESTERDAY I stood in the wide courtyard of the Foundling Hospital, and it seemed to me that I could hear the gracious and kindly building slowly decomposing under the autumn sun. I went into the empty chapel where the grand swell of the 'Messiah' was so often personally directed by the "inimitable composer thereof," while out in the courtyard there would be "above five hundred coaches, besides chairs," and so great was the crush in this very chapel that the ladies were desired to leave their hoops at home and the gentlemen their swords. And now, I suppose, that organ will never be played again nor that roof re-echo the children's voices. Do you remember how Policeman X, in Thackeray's ballad of Eliza Davis and the false deluding sailor, breaks out with:

P'raps you know the Foundling Chapel  
Where the little children sings?  
Lord! I like to hear, on Sundays,  
Them there pretty little things!

Shall I see some midnight, as I walk home, the mourning spectre of Policeman X and hear his wailing along Guilford Street? What a host of spectres will jostle him: Laurence Sterne, so spectre-like in life, and Sydney Smith, both of whom preached in this chapel; Hogarth and Sir Joshua; kings, princes and ministers; and Dickens, from round the corner in Doughty Street. Incidentally Dickens did not make so much of the Foundling as one might have expected. That opening of his to 'No Thoroughfare,' a poor story that he concocted with Wilkie Collins, does not do justice to what Dickens must have felt about the Hospital.

One spectre there is more troubled than the rest; I mean, of course, old Captain Coram's. No doubt, being the practical man that he was, he approves of the general move; there is more money for his children and the country air: but also, no doubt, being the sentimental man that he was, he grieves at their desertion of their old home.

I went in to see Hogarth's portrait of him. It is amazing how masterly this life-sized portrait is: Hogarth was not one who could easily leave his own limitations, as witness the feeble 'Moses Brought to Pharaoh's Daughter' in the Court Room. Coram sits four square to us, the conventional pillar and drapery behind him, and a glimpse of the sea over his shoulder. There are some other symbolic paraphernalia, a globe, charts and the like; but what matters is the simple figure of the man, firm and kindly and upright; and incidentally those who sniff at Hogarth's brushwork should take a look—if they ever have the chance now—at the painting of Coram's left hand. I do not think Rubens would have been ashamed of it. Hogarth, it is known, regarded this as his best portrait, and was not slow to support its claims against every other portrait in the collection. His other masterpiece, 'The March to Finchley,' hangs in the Sub-Committee room. It was so re-

cently exhibited at Wembley, and is, apart from that, so familiar in prints and reproductions, that it would be foolish to say anything of it here. In the same room is one of Kneller's portraits of Handel, a fine, sturdy piece of work, less good than such works as the Portrait Gallery 'Earl of Romney,' but a great deal better than the ordinary Kneller. There is also a small portrait of Coram, by Hayman, hung too high for proper examination. It is curiously reminiscent in design of Hogarth's 'Lord Lovat.'

The Court Room is decorated on an elaborate and effective plan. Set into the ornamentation are three large rectangular paintings and eight small rondels. The large paintings are extremely disappointing. Hogarth's has already been mentioned. Highmore's is of 'Hagar and Ishmael,' and I have never seen a portrait of his that was not better. The third is quite negligible—'Little Children Brought to Christ,' by the Rev. James Wills, whoever he may have been. The rondels, on the other hand, are charming. They represent the various hospitals and institutions of the period. Gainsborough's 'Charterhouse' is naturally the most interesting. It is a cool, spacious and very Dutch picture, and hardly displays at all the peculiar genius of his style; it is, of course, early. Richard Wilson contributed 'The Foundling' and 'St. George's,' but neither picture is very remarkable. The other painters in the series were Samuel Wale and E. Haytley. There is a basso-relievo over the mantelpiece by Rysbrack, which completes the whole delightful effect.

In the small stone hall are various portraits, the most notable being by Thomas Phillips and Dance, and Henry Perronet Briggs, a painter who is insufficiently recognized. His 'Sydney Smith' and 'James Harding' in the Portrait Gallery are both admirable works. The Foundling picture is of Benjamin Hawes, and is a thoroughly sincere and able work.

There remains the Picture Gallery. This is dominated by the Captain Coram at one end and a cartoon by Raphael at the other. This fragment was bequeathed to the Hospital by Prince Hoare, whose abominable self-portrait is also in the Gallery. It was a portion of one of thirteen executed at the order of Leo X as designs for tapestries. Seven of these were bought by Charles I from the descendants of Bernard van Orley, who had taken charge of them in Brussels. Charles's purchase is supposed to have been on the advice of Rubens, a story which Rooses calls an old tradition never disproved. These cartoons, of course, are at the Victoria and Albert. The Foundling fragment is from 'The Massacre of the Innocents,' and displays a fine swinging design of massive, if slightly unmuscular, figures: there is a certain feeling of filleted Michelangelo about them.

Other works in the gallery are a poor portrait of Francis Fauquier and a better one of the Earl of Macclesfield by Wilson; a pedestrian Millais of Luther Halden; a simple and delightful landscape by Calcott—the usual cottage and bridge and white horse affair—a fine, florid bust of Handel by Roubiliac; two Hudson portraits, which are as dully competent as everything I have ever seen by him, though I am continually being told how much better he is than is popularly supposed; an undistinguished Reynolds of the Earl of Dartmouth; and a really striking portrait of Theodore Jacobson, the architect of the Hospital, by Allan Ramsay. When Ramsay's prices top Romney's and Lawrence's and a good many others, there will be some relationship between values and merit in English portraiture. His 'Lady Susan Fox-Strangways,' which was shown at Wembley in the first year, was absolutely first-class, and should have stirred up the enthusiasm for Ramsay which is so long overdue.

Thus, having made my last survey of the Foundling pictures, I passed sadly out by 'Captain Coram's charitable wicket.'

## MUSIC

### GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE record-making companies seem to realize more and more the limitations of the gramophone-studio. The absence of an audience to stimulate the performers and their consciousness that any mistake they make can never be rectified puts a restraint upon the artists, which is noticeable in the records. So there is an increasing tendency to make records in a concert-hall and even during public performances—an advance which is made possible by the new electric system of recording. Not unnaturally the new process is not perfected yet. In some H.M.V. records of Bach's B Minor Mass, taken during a performance in the Albert Hall under Dr. Bairstow, the balance between the parts is very poor. When they are singing, the sopranos drown everything else, and the orchestra and the bass voices are altogether too faint. From which one gathers that the microphone was placed too near the sopranos. There is a similar want of balance in volume in a record of the 'Prologue to Mefistofele' made at Covent Garden during the recent season. When I was in Munich I was told that for broadcasting purposes a small microphone was fixed to each desk in the orchestra and several others disposed about the stage, with the result that every instrument and voice had a fair chance. I did not have an opportunity to hear the result, but I was told that it was astonishingly good and a great improvement on the use of one or two microphones. This principle has not, I believe, been tested over here.

The records made by the same company in the Queen's Hall, of which the latest is Elgar's 'Cockaigne' Overture, continue to improve and give one a sense of music played in a large hall. The orchestration of this delightful work comes out with admirable clearness and the performance under the composer is, of course, authentic, although one has heard more spirited interpretations. The Columbia Company issue four records of the 'Tannhäuser' Overture played by the Amsterdam Orchestra under Willem Mengelberg. These are, as reproductions, among the finest orchestral records I have heard, and the performance is of a magnificent solidity. Everything is clear and well-balanced both in the recording and the interpretation, except that the marvellous horn-passage near the end does not come out with quite enough strength. More sensational are the Columbia records of the '1812' Overture, played by Sir Henry Wood's orchestra. The last part of this is described in the advertisements as "terrific." Having listened to some of the rest, I prefer to take the company's word for it. I am not sure that the risk is covered by my insurance policy.

There is little of interest among the vocal records, for I do not like Chaliapin's Russianization of Schumann's 'The Two Grenadiers,' while the 'Midnight Review,' by Glinka, which occupies the other side, is a poor song. A pianoforte record by Miss Marcelle Meyer, of the Miller's Dance from De Falla's 'Three Cornered Hat,' is good, but I hope that we shall soon be given the orchestral version of this fine music, together with the rest of the Suite.

This is an appropriate place to mention a book, by Mr. H. L. Wilson, called 'Music and the Gramophone' (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.), which has just been published. Mr. Wilson claims no more for his book than that it is a compilation. It consists of a series of programme-notes, with biographical sketches of the composers, of the most important works which have been recorded complete. The comments are for the most part quotations from other sources; but, as Mr. Wilson has usually gone to the best available authorities on the various composers, the book will be of assistance to amateurs who wish to know more about the works they play through on the gramophone than they can get from simply listening to them.

H.

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—28

SET BY HUMBERT WOLFE

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best sonnet which, beginning with a rendering in English of the following line of Auguste Angellier, "*Les premières amours sont des essais d'amour*," completes and develops the idea contained in it. Sonnets which, except for the first line, are merely translations of the original, will be disqualified.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a note of not more than 200 words, either supporting or rebutting the now rapidly growing theory that history is the name that historians give to their mistakes.

## RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 28A, or LITERARY 28B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on the MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, September 20, 1926. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. The Editor very much regrets that neither he nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 26

SET BY GERALD BULLETT

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best Bad Poem in heroic couplets, celebrating the pleasures of the Respectable Life, a poem such as perhaps Mr. Pooter, of 'The Diary of a Nobody,' might have written. Beset by the difficulty of defining the term "bad poem," we append two stanzas designed to indicate a degree of badness in versification which should not be exceeded:

Three long weeks at Brighton,  
What a wonderful holiday!  
The warm breezes of Brighton  
Blew all our cares away.

Brighton we cherish in memory,  
A host of pleasant sights and sounds,  
My wife's such a splendid manager,  
We only spent fifteen pounds.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best fragment, not exceeding 300 words, of a Shavian preface to a chronicle-play entitled, 'Saint Bernard: or, Episodes in the Life of a Good Dog.'

We have received the following report from Mr. Gerald Bullett, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

## REPORT FROM MR. GERALD BULLETT

26A. To distinguish between good bad poems and bad bad poems is clearly no easy matter, but thirteen competitors simplified the judge's task by failing to

understand the terms of the competition. For their benefit I must explain that English heroic verse consists of iambic pentameters (with, if you like, an occasional Alexandrine), and that couplets are couplets. A certain clumsiness in versification is part of this particular game, but to submit quatrains when couplets are asked for is rather forcing the fun. The rest of the competitors, with a few exceptions, fell into one of two rather obvious pitfalls: either they relied too confidently on the merely technical devices of bad verse, thinking to be heard for their much blundering; or they contented themselves with slavishly imitating our two stanzas on Brighton, which were offered, not as a model to be imitated, but "to indicate a degree of badness in versification which should not be exceeded." The Respectable Life yields other pleasures than those of a seaside holiday, as the prize-winning poems eloquently testify. Other entries deserving honourable mention are those of C. F. Casey, the only entrant to hit upon the characteristic trick of bisecting his lines with an unnecessary comma:

This pleasant time, we speak of all the year,  
Until the summer months, once more appear;

Rachel Monkhouse, who achieves delicious ineptitude by her use, in a Suburban English poem, of the Scots "gang":

But when we were at Seascale we would gang  
Over the mountains in a charabang;  
And when our lovely holiday was o'er  
Homeward we went and re-entered our dear old  
front door;

Patrick Monkhouse, whose closing couplet, however, though funny, is perhaps of dubious respectability:

But oh! What joy to have about the house  
The blissful bosom of a kissful spouse;

Gordon Daviot, who unfortunately confined his attention to the holiday theme; Lester Ralph, who allowed his satirical intention to run away with him; and Marshall Scott, if only for the sake of his "meat-tea." F. W. Macnamara certainly deserves the First Prize, and P. R. Laird the Second Prize.

## THE WINNING ENTRY

If about pleasures I'm to say my say,  
With me they don't begin till close of day,  
When from the office homewards I return,  
And Mother's got a cheerful fire to burn,  
And both the kids, in pinnies clean for me,  
Make haste to climb and sit upon my knee,  
Quitting the cat that on the hearth is curled,  
(Of their old dad these young ones think the world!)  
Mother meanwhile a tasty tea prepares,  
And little Minnie runs to set the chairs.  
(At six years old that child's a rock of sense  
And well she knows a bob from eighteen pence.)  
To kippers, then, or sausage down we sit,  
And one each side they both demand a bit.  
Then, when I get my second cup of tea,  
I tell them something I have chanced to see,  
From the 'bus top or at the Restorng,  
And often make them laugh both loud and long;  
While Mother, in the breaks between her labours,  
Has mostly heard some news about the neighbours.  
Sometimes my pal Bert Cox, will take his cup,  
But oftener towards nine he looks us up.  
We light our pipes—though sometimes his goes out  
When about politics he starts to spout.  
He was at boarding-school when he was young  
And studied—lor' that chap has got a tongue!  
He knows what's what as well as any man,  
Has lived in Leeds, and seen the Isle of Man.  
But still, when ten has struck I start to yawn,  
And then he knows it's time that he was gone,  
'Twould never do for us to sit up late,  
Seeing that breakfast must be sharp at eight.

F. W. MACNAMARA.



## SECOND PRIZE

The sun gets up, and we shall also rise  
 (A little later) and peruse the skies.  
 This done (though bored if wet, if fine delighted)  
 The daily work must then be expedited.  
 The wife prepares the breakfast (we've no maid)  
 While George and Mary see the table's laid.  
 I in the garden look for weeds or slugs.  
 We're hale and happy, and require no drugs.  
 The day goes on as days will always do;  
 Our work is strenuous and our pleasures few.  
 I eat my rolls and coffee in the City:  
 At home they need a dinner, more's the pity.  
 So well brought up at school the children are,  
 Their learning far exceeds their father's—far.  
 In my young days—but there! Life will go on,  
 And I'm content if they do nothing wrong.  
 The wife, dear soul, sits down o' nights to knit—  
 No doubt she's very thankful just to sit.  
 We like our books too—Milton, Dickens, Gray,  
 Miss Barclay, Shakespeare, Kipling, Ian Hay  
 And others which I needn't specify,  
 Clean, weighty books, but neither dull nor dry.  
 And so to bed, by ten or not much after,  
 Tired but quite happy, with some jokes and laughter.

P. R. LAIRD

26B. The entries for this competition were a very poor lot indeed. Many competitors acted on the singular assumption that the best way to parody good, vigorous prose is to write bad, invertebrate prose; others submitted a series of short, sharp paragraphs composed of short, sharp periods, notwithstanding the fact, which any reader can see for himself, that the typical Shavian period is a long and rather breathless one, crammed with excited subordinates and gathering speed with every sentence. Non Omnia and Doris Elles may be accorded a somewhat half-hearted commendation, but the rest—apart from the prize-winners—are nowhere. I find it a little difficult to choose between C. F. Casey and Lester Ralph; but the latter's contribution reveals on close scrutiny at least two weak (and therefore uncharacteristic) phrases, so I suggest him for the second prize and Mr. Casey for the first. I am surprised that it should be necessary to remind readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW that Mr. Bernard Shaw does not write bad prose.

## THE WINNING ENTRY

## "THE STEDFAST AND ENDURING BONE."

Hitherto, the question of canine dietary had been decided by dog owners, whose ignorance of the subject was only less than their ignorance of their own alimental requirements. With the emancipation of the dogs from a man-fostered ideology by St. Bernard (whose profound knowledge, not merely of canine dietary, but of those mysterious and hitherto half-understood psychological forces which finally established the dog as the premier product of the Life Force, was an astounding and incomprehensible phenomenon to his slavish contemporaries), the dog world at last came into its own, and decided once and for all that the proper place for the bone was the manure factory.

The superstition of the bone was no easy one to destroy, as the great Canine Iconoclast found. It had held sway for countless ages, and its hold on the dog mind was the more tenacious from the fact that Man was very largely sincere in his preaching of Osteism. Even as he justified his own Fall from herbivorous Grace, by superstitiously supposing that by eating the beefsteak he acquired the strength of the ox, so he argued that the eating of bones (the most durable and lasting portion of the carcass) would endow the dog with qualities of endurance and staying power. That the eating of bones was regarded as a commonplace is well exemplified by a popular nursery rhyme of the period, respecting a fabulous lady known as Old Mother Hubbard, who is said to have gone to the cupboard to "fetch the poor dog a bone."

St. Bernard soon found that he had not merely to contend with the tyranny of Man, who had imposed the custom on the dog-slaves from above, but also

with the supine indifferentism of those he was trying to free.

C. F. CASEY

## SECOND PRIZE

And that, I think, should sufficiently dispose of St. Bernard's claims to saintship, to priority in the foundation of the Order named after him, or to any legitimate title in the name by which he is generally known. Properly to understand him you must have a systematized knowledge of all authenticated history preceding the alleged date of his birth, and of at least seven centuries following his canonization in 1174. Had England any system of Public Education other than the veriest travesty of the term, Macaulay's Schoolboy would be in possession of the facts concerning his absurd pretensions in support of Innocent II against the perfectly orthodox Anacletus; and he would be able to vindicate him from the blame ridiculously attached to his conduct in the matter of the Second Crusade. As it is, the Play contains all that need be known about him for the present purpose, and should be intelligible to the meanest modern critical intelligence.

But if I have overestimated this latter in my construction of the Epilogue, and if the meaning of this scene is not at once apparent, even from the Stalls, let me point out that the passage where the big dog is shown guarding the skull and thigh-bones of the central figure from a number of English Politicians, thinly disguised as rats and vultures, is needed, apart from its obvious symbolism, to round off the story as it presents itself to me. There must be limits imposable upon modern sentimentalists, even upon the Dole.

Finally, if I have not treated this heroic theme, with its episodic structure, in the strictly Epic form which at first sight it might seem to demand, that is simply because the Miltonic metre strikes me as too amateurish for the serious handling of so noble a subject.

LESTER RALPH

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- ¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.
- ¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

## LEASEHOLD INJUSTICES

SIR,—Within the next few years many thousands of leaseholders are likely to learn by bitter experience the injustice of the present system, for the ninety-nine years' leases granted early in the nineteenth century when, with the rapid development of our modern big cities, the system really originated, are now falling in in increasing numbers.

The unfortunate leaseholder is in a sad plight. At the end of his lease he suffers the total loss of the property he has built or bought, as well as the value of all alterations and improvements he has carried out on it. That is in his bond. In addition, however, he is called upon to foot the bill for dilapidations to make the century-old premises, which are no longer his, as good as new. And this he has to do even when the ground landlord intends forthwith to demolish the structure and rebuild on the site. If they are business premises, he may pay all his dues, only to be turned out without the option of renewal, and see the re-conditioned property with all the goodwill he has created there pass to a trade competitor.

Some of these conditions are palpably unfair, and without infringing the sanctity of contracts it should be possible to devise remedies and safeguards for the lessee that will make leasehold contracts more equitable. If the thousands of leaseholders whose contracts are now approaching expiration realized the danger they run they would quickly find some way of combining to force this issue on the attention of Parliament and so secure some measure of redress.

I am, etc.,

JOHN PEARCE

## CHILDREN IN THE LONDON SQUARES

SIR,—During the last two years the Sunlight League has been urging the use of the London Squares during the school holidays for school children, and we now venture to ask the support of your readers for this campaign.

The case grows every day more urgent. During the past year the evidence in favour of sunlight as the supreme ruling agent in the nutrition of the young has become stronger than ever, and my category of the "diseases of darkness" must certainly be extended beyond the point to which I have confidently carried it in past years; the number of school children has increased and the streets are more crowded and dangerous than ever and full of the noxious effluvia of motor cars. We of the Sunlight League wish, therefore, to plead again the case for the opening of the green squares for the month of August, each year, adding that school playgrounds too should be used in the holidays as school playgrounds—if the idea is not too perverse and paradoxical; and we ask for your readers' co-operation in money for propaganda, and in advice and consultation to this end. It would be good if we could save up some of this summer sunlight in our children's bones and blood and brains, against the darkness and distress of winter. It is with very real regret that we find another summer has passed without the realization of this ambition and we are all the more eager for your help so that, when next August is with us, we may find our green squares open to our children.

I am, etc.,

C. W. SALEEBY,

(Chairman of Council: Sunlight League)

29 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1

## MAKING COUNTRY LIFE MORE POPULAR

SIR,—In the space lately devoted by virtually the whole of the Press to what so many authorities believe to be urgently necessary, namely, a Rural Revival, I have seen no reference to the monopoly of intellectual interests enjoyed by people in cities, especially London, and large towns, and how it helps, particularly among men, to popularize town life. By extending its activities as widely and freely as possible to the smaller towns and rural districts, a vigorous central bureau for the interchange of speakers on urgent and brainy subjects would do much towards making country life more interesting and attractive.

I am, etc.,

E. M. BULLPITT

## "LOUD CRIES THE YAFFLE"

SIR,—In the poem you published by Mr. Percy Ripley he has the line "Loud cries the yaffle, said Jenny, and we shall have rain." I wonder, is this the way with most of our birds? I remember an old gamekeeper of mine used to say: "There won't be no rain when you hear the puckeridge call." Without the second negative this might act for a refrain to another poem.

I am, etc.,

Chiddingfold, Surrey

GEORGE H. PINCKARD

## BULL-FIGHTS

SIR,—In his article last week, is Mr. Murray Allison defending bull-fights, or is it a cleverly written condemnation?

If the latter, I congratulate him and you on the success it will undoubtedly achieve; if the former, then I can only regret that, by the publication of such an article, one of the worst scandals of our time is apparently condoned by the SATURDAY REVIEW.

I am, etc.,

B. C. STABLEFORTH

9 Temple Gardens, N.W.11

## NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

*Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.*

THERE is no reason why anthologies should cease to be made out of the writings of Mr. G. K. Chesterton; he is very rich in material for the anthologist, and is active in adding to that material. Mr. E. V. Lucas must return to the task, but meanwhile we are glad to have 'A Gleaming Cohort' (Methuen, 2s. 6d.), which begins with selected essays, includes some of the excellent drinking songs, and concludes with passages from 'The Ballad of the White Horse.'

From Mr. Lucas as editor we pass to Mr. Lucas as author. 'A Wanderer in Rome' (Methuen, 10s. 6d.) is the kind of book he can now write with an almost mechanical ease. All the expected ingredients seem to be here, and there are pleasing illustrations in colour by Mr. Harry Morley. But Mr. Lucas's travel books are by no means what his facility and modesty cause them to appear to be; he is very much more sharply discriminating in choice of things to notice than he seems.

'Studies Green and Grey' (Nelson, 7s. 6d.) collects various papers, old and recent, by Sir Henry Newbolt. We range with him from 'Camden's Queen Elizabeth' to 'The Future of the English Language,' and he has packed some terse and suggestive criticism into brief notes on Keats, Shelley, Mrs. Meynell and other poets.

With this, and not only as coming from the same publishers, may be taken 'Homilies and Recreations' (Nelson, 7s. 6d.). Let us hope that the book will discomfit those who take Mr. Buchan to be little more than the writer of spirited and ingenious romances. There is real scholarship and vivid appreciation in the pages on Catullus and real independence of thought in many of the other papers.

We notice 'A Surgeon's Log' (Chapman and Hall, 15s.), by Mr. Johnston Abraham, because, without any fuss that we can recall, it has now reached a fourteenth edition, becoming a kind of minor classic of travel.

Of new travel books, in which we are taken into the wild places of the world, the most notable this week is 'On the Track of Ancient Man' (Putnam, 25s.), by Dr. R. C. Andrews. This recounts, in a rather too massive volume, the explorations in the Gobi Desert which resulted in the discovery of dinosaur eggs and important support for the theory that civilization originated in Central Asia.

'A Bibliography of Sir Adolphus William Ward' (Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d.) is a worthy memorial to a versatile and tireless scholar, who was a constant contributor to the SATURDAY REVIEW from 1863 to 1888, and whose learning in regard to Elizabethan drama was vivified by his experience as dramatic critic.

'The Roman Spirit in Religion, Thought and Art' (Kegan Paul, 16s.) is by Professor Albert Grenier, of the University of Strasburg, who here describes the development of Roman civilization from its Latin and Etruscan origins to the cosmopolitan maturity of the Augustan age.

'A Dawdle in France' (Black, 7s. 6d.) has agreeable drawings by its author, Mr. Inglis Sheldon-Williams, and appears to be written in the mood its title would suggest. But why do not artist-authors frankly give prominence to their drawings and reduce the letterpress to a minimum? If a man can express himself better with pencil than pen, why hesitate to avow it in practice?

New books to be issued shortly by the firm of Gerald Howe will include a translation into English verse, by Doris Langley, of twenty-nine Odes of Anacreon and a volume on 'The Victorian Romantics,' by T. Earle Welby.

## REVIEWS

## THE INCREDIBLE CONTINENT

BY EDWARD SHANKS

*The Mauve Decade.* By Thomas Beer. Knopf. 12s. 6d.

*The Rise and Fall of Jesse James.* By Robertus Love. Putnam. 12s. 6d.

NOW and again it seems to me that it would be a mistake actually to go to America. The people themselves are anxious to tell one all that one wants to know about their country, and in an ever-increasing stream of novels, memoirs and historical monographs (to say nothing of films) supply us with a picture that cannot, at any rate, be less exciting than the truth. Indeed, something of a new historical sense, a new social self-consciousness, seems to be developing on the other side of the Atlantic. Their history is brief, but it has been full and varied. Fenimore Cooper, a hundred years ago, wrote within living memory of his subjects, and the trails of his Indians and trappers now pass over spots no more wild or desolate than Rickmansworth or Croydon. The heroes of our Border forays had faded into legend and balladry in the days of Elizabeth, but America had an official "frontier" after I was born, and men still alive can tell you of the deeds of peers of the Percies and the Armstrongs, to say nothing of Rob Roy and Dick Turpin. It is a country where anything might, and most things have, happened, and its inhabitants are beginning to realize that their history if not as long in time is just as rich in detail and interest as that of any kingdom of the Old World.

We fancy here that we have a fairly accurate general idea of American history, but it is not so. Who, for example, knows anything about the bloody guerilla warfare which went on along the Missouri-Kansas border before the Civil War began and, when the war was being waged in a more regular fashion elsewhere, redoubled in ferocity? That is the starting point of Mr. Love's account of Jesse James, who must have been one of the last men of Anglo-Saxon blood to have a popular ballad sung about him. Here is one verse of it, as quoted by Mr. Love:

Jesse James had a wife;  
She's a mourner all her life;  
His children they were brave.  
Oh! the dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard!  
And they laid Jesse James in his grave.

I have heard another, rather subtler, version of the last two lines, which runs:

Oh! the dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard!  
He laid Jesse James in his grave.

I do not know what the tune may be, but the last line suggests it, a melancholy echoing thing akin to the most characteristic folk-songs.

It is not at all certain what, apart from the dramatic nature of his end and the fact that he kept it up longer, gave Jesse James a reputation as a bandit so much higher than that of Frank James or the Younger brothers. Mr. Love suggests that the alliterative neatness of his name may have counted for something with the popular imagination. Indeed, popular imagination has much to do with the whole story, which depends a great deal on hearsay and conjecture. There is no doubt that the Jameses and the Youngers formed at any rate the nucleus of a gang which specialized in bank hold-ups and train-robberies in Missouri and thereabouts between the end of the Civil War and the beginning of the 'eighties, when Jesse was most foully but most beneficially murdered by a rather meaner ruffian for the sake of an official reward. But as to their shares in the exploits attributed to them, little is definitely

known. After his brother's death, Frank James "came in" and surrendered, but not sufficient evidence against him of any one definite act of banditry could be produced to secure a conviction.

What at first sight appears disingenuous in Mr. Love's narrative is really, I think, due to sheer incapacity to rise to the level of an excellent subject. He spends on a style that can only be called elaborately bad the energy that should have gone to the composition of a plain and comprehensible narrative. He writes horrible sentences like: "Before the first quarter of 1874 ended, one of the Youngers was thrust into a grave by the side of a road which his own lifeblood had crimsoned, the vital fluid of two Pinkerton detectives also having deepened the sanguinary stain." But he is terribly woolly when it comes to defining the main points of Jesse James's career. He speaks awe-strickenly of Jesse's disappearances "into the nowhere" after each crime, as though he had had some mysterious and romantic refuge. But Jesse actually lived under an assumed name where he was not known, and this in a country of wide distances and bad communications was by no means as difficult as it was for Charles Peace. The fact that when, under the name of Mr. Howard, he was murdered the citizens of St. Joseph could not believe that Jesse James had been among them unsuspected for nearly six months disproves Mr. Love's half-hearted plea that he could not safely return to ordinary life after his exploits as a guerilla. Jesse James was actually a murderous ruffian and became a legend: Mr. Love's incapacity to write of him is betrayed by the fact that he cannot keep the two things distinct in his own mind. I do not, by the way, quite understand Mr. Love's dedication of his book "To Mr. H. L. Mencken, the Jesse James of American Letters." I am afraid there is more woolliness here. What youthful deeds prevent him from returning to honest silence? It is, of course, possible that eventually some much less interesting hanger-on of his will shoot him down from behind.

The name of James occurs also in Mr. Beer's more urbane book. He says of the Daltons, the last of the old-school bandits, that "unlike the James and Younger gangs, they didn't blow unarmed children to rags." The Daltons came to an end in 1892, and Mr. Beer calls them "Lord Tennyson's escort to Walhalla." Mr. Beer writes over 250 pages in much that manner. He writes a great deal worse than Mr. Love, with the execrable badness of a cleverer man. I think (and I am not judging on this book alone) that he must be almost the worst writer I have ever read. He is allusive, and elusive, and epigrammatic, and all without the least appropriateness to the occasion. He says: "Architecture in America was still nothing but a malady . . . Even the reviving Georgian lines were frothed over with illegitimate detail. The wondrous rich now employed the power of fairy hands to raise Florentine fronts ending in manorial windows that excluded air in summer, light in winter." Mr. Beer's style is rather like those windows: it excludes enlightenment and almost defeats curiosity. It gives the impression that he cannot possibly have anything interesting to say. But he has. His subject is the development of American life during the 'nineties, and a reader who has the patience to discover how rich is his material and how well he has selected and arranged it will be only the angrier at his method of presenting it. I have rarely read a more irritating book, but, I must add almost reluctantly, rarely one more exciting.

## NOTICE

¶ Subscribers to the SATURDAY REVIEW should notify temporary changes of address to the Publisher, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.



## INGE-LAND

England. By W. R. Inge. 'The Modern World' Series. Benn. 10s. 6d.

JUDGING by the high standard of the series of which this book forms a part, Dr. Inge's contribution is disappointing. The subject is particularly difficult, but it offered a great opportunity which might have been better taken. "I have made no attempt whatever to be impartial," he says in his Preface, and the threat is ruthlessly carried out. The result is a highly personal study of a land we only dimly recognize in its strange perspective—Inge-land, not England, to make a pun no viler than Pope Gregory's.

The refusal to be judicial is no defect, but a personal view ought always to be disciplined by putting the truth before the argument; otherwise it lapses, as this does, into sheer prejudice. By constantly giving way to good old No Popery sentiments, and others on the same level, the Dean at best interrupts his serious arguments, and at worst falsifies them. Take two examples. In his fulminations against *panis et circenses* he is led to speak of the dole as "a similar remedy on a still more disastrous scale" to the Speenhamland system. Now, as Dr. Inge knows, "Speenhamland" consisted of paying doles out of the rates to men who were in full employment in order to bring their wages up to a fixed minimum which the farmers were not paying. The modern dole, on the other hand, is raised not out of the rates but by a compulsory levy on the employer and employee; except in the present abnormal circumstances it pays for itself. To call these two systems similar is, to put it mildly, misleading; nor is modern poor-law relief fairly to be classed with subsidizing wages out of the rates, which ever may be the greater evil. Through this prejudice we find no attempt to deal with our elaborate system of Social Insurance, which deserves an important place in such a work. Repeated references to widespread degeneracy suggest that Dr. Inge is unaware of the test analyses of the unemployed made in 1923-24 by the Ministry of Labour, which showed that in normal times 90% would be fairly steadily in work, only 34% of the males and 2% of the females being classed as "verging on the unemployable." To give currency to the opposite view without attempting to substantiate it is a poor service to England, apart from being unjust to a class admittedly suffering through no fault of its own, and biasing the conclusions against the weight of facts.

As to the second example, an attitude smacking of the Murder-Gang Press leads him to an estimate of Ireland which is not only unjust but demonstrably untrue. By the Treaty:

The civilizing work begun by the Normans was finally abandoned; and three-quarters of Ireland were left to relapse into barbarism under the tutelage of a crafty and tyrannical priesthood.

In four years the government of the Irish Free State has brought order out of the most appalling chaos, created out of nothing a thoroughly efficient police force, reorganized the poor-law, suppressed the corrupt corporations, curtailed a dangerously large army in face of unemployment, put in hand an immense scheme of electrification and done much else that any reasonable observer, even if (like the present reviewer) he lands with a prejudice, is bound to recognize. So far off is barbarism that the present state of the country, though poor, compares well with any previous period. Ireland has ceased to be in the news. If such wild statements were published about a firm instead of a nation they would rightly lead to heavy damages; in a work which ought to be sober they make no good impression.

This delight in prejudice for its own sake plays havoc with a clear understanding; but ordinary errors of fact are also too common for a writer who draws

so freely upon the works of others as Dr. Inge. Where so much must be dealt with some allowance is made, but even so the belief which he more than once betrays that Kenya is a confiscated German colony appears a very elementary mistake; the long discredited legend that the beech was introduced here by the Romans must have been unearthed from some defunct authority, while such interesting remarks as that "never before or since" (1779) "have we had to face a European coalition" or "Elizabeth and her parliament avoided friction by mutual consideration" suggest a charitable guess that the Dean was forced to go on writing in his sleep. So much familiar history need not have been dished up; a drastic selection of material would have improved the book, which suffers in its earlier chapters from a glut of undigested facts.

His picture is of a country which passed its meridian almost a generation ago, and has since felt an almost unbroken series of calamities. "In plain living and high thinking will be our salvation"; the first is in store for us whether we like it or not and the second will be needed to bear up under it all. Even this salvation is limited, for trade and population will shrink and agriculture revive in a "gradual reversion" towards the conditions of 1750. In brief he is not sanguine, but no one expects him to be. Such rays of hope as he finds only deepen the general gloom. With many of his points we agree, but the survey as a whole carries pessimism to the verge of absurdity.

The fallacy lies partly in the Dean's notorious temperament, partly in shameless prejudice or emotion disguised as thought, but above all in a failure to appreciate almost as many vital factors as he recognizes in a highly complex situation. His summing-up on Industrialism reads precisely as if England were nothing but a manufacturing country outstripped in the race for markets. Of the England which is banker, financier, insurer and sea-carrier to half the world—an England in fact so important that Industrial England has lately been sacrificed to it exactly as Agriculture was sacrificed to Industry—he has nothing whatever to say. Yet that England holds an unshaken position, unless defeatism and false reports are spread so far that all confidence in it is destroyed. Again, he does not even consider the possibility that any of the sting of trade unionism may prove to have been lost in the General Strike. He takes no account of the numbers, energy and public spirit of the existing middle class, which has shown itself, when it comes to a struggle, stronger in every way than the "working classes." He takes the permanency of American prosperity and European poverty absolutely for granted, and so on.

In normal times the prophet of woe may be a useful institution; now he is a costly pet to keep, for pessimism is plausible enough at the moment to do us untold harm abroad. The book will be widely read and greedily swallowed in countries where its distortion cannot, even in good faith, be sufficiently allowed for, and where, moreover, the sombre picture is sure of being acceptable. It can only make the hard task of reconstruction harder for those who are determined to carry it out. We must say plainly that the publication of such a work at this crisis by a man of Dr. Inge's reputation is the worst service to England that he has it in his power to do.

## SEEING CONRAD PLAIN

Joseph Conrad as I Knew Him. By Jessie Conrad. Heinemann. 6s.

THERE persists, in many quarters, a belief that we can know an artist most intimately through some medium other than his work. The work, we are asked to assume, is just "work," the real man is to be sought elsewhere, not in the productions into which he has

put himself. There is a partial justification for this belief, a half-truth underlying the assumption. It is rarely that a writer puts the whole of himself into his books, even in prose, so much more accommodating than poetry. Consider, to take instances at random, the fun and slang, the limericks and the wombats, that Rossetti so carefully kept out of his work, and the painful and ludicrous discrepancy between the facts of Landor's life and his proud assertion that he strove with none for none were worth his strife. Rossetti was not unwise, Landor was not untruthful. A knowledge of Rossetti's life or of Landor's, even though it be gleaned from Fanny Schott or from the Yescombe ravings, has value simply as it enables us to judge of the wisdom of the writer's choice from among, we might say, his several selves. Despite Fanny Schott and her predecessors, Rossetti was essentially the man who buried the manuscript of his poems with his wife; despite the Yescombe pamphlets, the essential Landor was too proud to contend with anyone. And Conrad, to come to the point here to be made, was precisely the Conrad of the books, all the deviations, chronicled here with candour and affection, being irrelevances.

The only advantage in being introduced to the Conrad who did not write the books is that we can the more warmly applaud his choice of what in himself he should project into literature. He was a man of noble character, at the core. Round that was a creature tortured, quite often, by gout and nerves, indolent of body, extremely averse from the unpleasant duties of life, childishly anxious to claim the privilege of having dreadful presentiments: "Can't I have a presentiment as well as you?" To be told all this is only to be more disposed to praise Conrad for the sureness with which, in his work, he disentangled his real from what would be called his real self. He had been very solitary till he married the lady who now, straightforwardly and with no little skill, gives us her view of him. When he married, we are told, he was quite terrified by the thought of his new responsibility; his little son was the first child he had ever seen frequently or at close quarters, and he observed the child with astonishment. His notions of how a household should be run were fantastic, his expectations of an amiable unreasonableness, as when he counted on a herd of bullocks to yield milk for the child and clamoured for roses in the garden weeks before they were due. He worked erratically, often lamenting that he had not an idea left, often vowing that he would never write another line. At one time he insisted on turning the bathroom into his workplace, at another he would work only in the conservatory and only when wearing a derelict bath-gown. His guests lunched or dined under a shower of bread-pellets absently flipped at them by their host, his cigarettes burnt holes in tablecloths and books, and that his home was never the scene of a conflagration was a miracle. When he was ill, and he was often ill, he caused agony to his family by constantly repeating the words of the burial service. And so on, and so forth. Here it all is.

But out of all the flurry and eccentricity there emerges for us, who know his books, the image of a man singularly master of himself. We accept all that Mrs. Conrad has to tell us, but we feel we were in possession of the essential Conrad before we opened her book. What it does for us is only to convince us that Conrad understood himself, knew what in him could be projected into his art. Other observers saw him, naturally, otherwise than Mrs. Conrad does. She displays, rather refreshingly, a certain malice towards one of them, his collaborator, for a while in some sort his guide. But Mr. Ford Madox Ford's book, whatever its relation to mere facts, remains spiritually true. Conrad was like this, says Mrs. Conrad; he was like that, says Mr. Ford; and presently M. Jean-Aubry is to give us the authoritative life. There will still be something of an enigma left, for Conrad was aloof,

sardonic, rather formidable, despite his sailor's frankness and child's simplicity. Meanwhile we have from Mrs. Conrad a candid, affectionate and not unhumorous survey of the ragged edges of a personality very firmly knit at its centre. There are some good things about other people in it, none better than the remark of Conrad's little boy as he viewed the approach of the stout and carefully dressed Henry James: "Oh, mamma dear, isn't he an elegant fowl?" Conrad was a very different kind of bird: here are some of the frayed feathers.

#### GEORGE IV

*George IV.* By Shane Leslie. Benn. 12s. 6d.

GEORGE IV has, of all British monarchs, with the possible exception of John, attracted to himself the most uninterrupted flow of abuse and contempt. He has achieved a monstrous eminence, so artistically complete (and so obviously untrue to life) that unless to substitute another masterpiece it is positive vandalism to disturb him. Indeed, it is a new form of iconoclasm, as shocking as though it were proved to us that Bluebeard was the hopeless defender of women's right to live their own life (and die their own death) in a persecuting age, which denied them not only the right of free love, but of free murder. Mr. Shane Leslie, with some parade, affects to attempt this outrage. But the affectation is a thin one. For what were the materials that history—that wholesale tailor—has worked up into the George IV reach-me-down? "He was," says history, plying the scissors, and, by a strange act of cannibalism, swallowing the goose, "he was a bad son, a bad husband, a bad monarch, and a bad friend," adding with a last unctuous snip, "He was as false to his mistress as his wife."

Let us consider Mr. Leslie's malicious pretence that he is rebutting these charges, or these bold traits in the great composition. He was not a bad son because, says Mr. Leslie, on two occasions when there was some advantage to be gained by his presence there he posted to his father's bedside. He was not a bad son, but Mr. Leslie freely admits that he was the sovereign object of his father's detestation. He was not a bad son, but his life is a record of resolute championing of every cause that his father hated, and of every disloyalty of which son or politician could well be capable. He was not present at his father's death-bed, his only filial act, which Mr. Leslie, without quoting authority, explains away.

"A bad husband." Mr. Leslie admits that he had two wives and consistently betrayed both. He married Mrs. Fitzherbert, says Mr. Leslie, only because there was no other way of getting her, and Caroline because there was no other way of getting the Crown. He abandoned Mrs. Fitzherbert at intervals, and though Mr. Leslie, with his tongue in his cheek, suggests that he carried her memory to the grave, he at any rate refused to see her on his death-bed. As to Caroline, he shares with Henry VIII the distinction of attempting to divorce his queen, and, after an unparalleled series of persecutions, including turning her back from the Abbey on the day of his coronation, upon the death of the lady, whom Mr. Leslie elegantly describes as a "frantic frump," "he became," quotes Mr. Leslie, "gayer than it might be proper to tell." Leave the "bad monarch" for the moment, and proceed to the "bad friend." He chose, says Mr. Leslie, glittering acquaintance, while his father frequented respectable. But what of his fidelity to the men of his choice? He received the Tory Government, alleges Mr. Leslie, whom he summoned to power at the foot, not of Pompey's, but of Fox's statue—Fox, on whose principles he had been reared, and which he flagrantly abandoned on the first opportunity he had of putting them into practice. And Sheridan—even Mr. Leslie's version

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scarce bears quoting—Sheridan had devoted his genius, his gaiety and his life to the King, and how did it end? Mr. Leslie quotes this tale for us. Sheridan was sinking into an impoverished death. The Prince, who had lost sight of him, saw him in the street. "I said to Blomfield, 'There's Sheridan, but as I spoke he turned off into a lane.'" It was, comments Mr. Leslie, one of those lanes that have no turning, occupied, we add, on this occasion by a worm who, by his death-bed gesture, repudiated the parallel of the lane. Unfaithful to his mistress? Mr. Leslie revels in his infidelities. He heads his chapters with the list of the unromantic custodians of the King's romance—Lady Jersey, Lady Hertford, Lady Conyngham, leaving to the chapters themselves the names of all the others who distracted George from the tedium of even temporary fidelity.

And finally "a bad monarch." It is in this aspect that Mr. Leslie appears for a moment to be almost seriously disputing the general belief. But on what does Mr. Leslie base his defence? On the King's skill in politics? But Mr. Leslie underlines his helplessness drifting from one combination to the other, and almost triumphantly claims the prevalence of petticoat government. Moreover, he shows him playing Hanover against his Ministers, and riding two horses, but both side-saddle. He was a patron of the arts, because he had acquired the works of Jane Austen, and knew that Walter Scott had written 'Waverley.' His brief reign marks the apotheosis of English letters and architecture, which never attained after his fall a similar eminence. And with unanimous violence, Mr. Leslie confesses, his protégés, as, for instance, Byron whom he quotes, turned and rent him. But he left England a great State, having found it fifth in a Confederation. The successor to the period of Pitt and Trafalgar is to be a hero, and England, tottering under the weight of her victories, was restored by a succession of political disasters, which culminated in the Reform Act!

Mr. Leslie has proved, and perhaps sought to prove, nothing; but his book, if suffering from a certain confusion between wit and facetiousness, is a pleasant squib that goes off with a creditable fizz.

H. W.

#### MAN AND BEAST

*In Savage Australia.* By Knut Dahl. Philip Allan. 21s.

MORE than thirty years ago the author of this work, now a professor at Oslo, spent two years in Arnhem Land, the western portion of that area of Australia which projects into the Indian Ocean in the north of the Island Continent. His main work was that of a zoological collector and he has but little to say of the aborigines; but although the capture and preparation of specimens occupies much of the space the general reader can take up the book without misgivings, for the writer, with a vivid English style and an unusual power of describing wild life and scenery, deals in entertaining fashion with the incidents of daily life. He did not have to encounter any deadly perils, but the hunter's life is everywhere full of adventure and does not lack a spice of danger. If the record of his zoological discoveries is now rather ancient history his experiences still have a charm for those who are interested in wild life and tropical nature.

Professor Dahl is evidently more at home in zoology than he is in anthropology, for he commits himself to statements on some points when fuller knowledge would have led to their modification. He speaks, for example, of "the aborigines of Australia" as though they were all of the same race and immigrated at the same period of time; but quite apart from physical type the evidence of language and culture seems to be wholly against the author's view. Schmidt has distinguished several linguistic strata and his conclusions are borne out by an examination of the burial customs,

which, in the north, are of a type quite distinct from those of the southern tribes and have clearly been introduced from without.

Professor Dahl's book is an English rendering of the second Norwegian edition and if it now appears as it was written thirty years or so ago, it would be unfair to confront its author with the results of more recent researches; at the same time it would not have involved a vast amount of labour to bring the English version up to date if advice had been sought from one of the comparatively numerous experts on the subject.

Even in respect of matters of direct observation the author sometimes goes astray; he describes the boomerang as a sickle-shaped instrument, convex on one side, with the points somewhat bent up towards this side. But the sketches reproduced opposite pp. 192 and 194 show an implement more like a hockey stick than a sickle; even when the bend is at or near the centre the angle is usually very obtuse and the arms all but straight. That the Australian boomerang is convex on one side is true, but it is not an essential character; for excellent boomerangs may be made with this side in two planes meeting in a ridge that runs diagonally from end to end. Finally the two arms are twisted in different directions, not in the same, and it is this conformation that raises the boomerang in the air after it has turned over on its side with the flat surface towards the earth.

In his general account of the aborigines of North Australia, Professor Dahl asserts that they have no gods, no cult, only superstition. Superstition is not an easy term to define and it usually means that the ideas so denominated are either unpleasant or incomprehensible to the observer. However that may be, there is good reason to suppose that some of the Victoria River tribes, and very possibly all the peoples of Arnhem Land, believe in the All-Father so widely revered in Australia. No one who is familiar with the native of Australia would expect Professor Dahl to fathom the native mind in two years without a first-rate knowledge of one or more languages; but it is asking for trouble to dogmatize about the native religion before one has even grasped, as appears to be the case with Professor Dahl, the principle of the marriage regulations.

#### ARCADIA

*An Arcadian Calendar.* By Marcus Woodward. Bles. 6s.

WE do not often meet a nature book so attractively turned out as this one; it shows in every detail an imagination and a sense of style which do credit to everyone concerned. The idea of illustrating each month with a symbolic figure inspired by a quaint book of designs of young ladies' samplers dating from 1681 was a happy one and has been admirably carried out by Mr. Aldo Cosmati, who catches the Arcadian spirit in all his drawings. The printing also deserves special praise. The text is entirely selected from the nature paragraphs contributed by Mr. Woodward to the Way of the World column of the *Morning Post* and here arranged in order of seasons. He is skilful at picking interesting subjects and making his point neatly in a few words, which is an improvement on the common practice in nature notes of saying nothing in many. One criticism is necessary; he should pay more attention to the progress of modern observation. The idea of bird-song he holds ("in the clover there may be a fair hen listening in critical judgment," etc.) is now exploded; the hen does not care a brass button which cock has the best song; its value lies in announcing his presence and warning off trespassers. The woodlark's generic name is *Lullula* not *Ullula*. The best time to identify the willow-tit is certainly not autumn but spring, when the characteristic notes by which alone it can be certainly distinguished in the field are most freely uttered.



## NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

*The Marquis de Bolibar.* By Leo Perutz. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

*Far End.* By May Sinclair. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

*Fly Leaves.* By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Collins. 7s. 6d.

*Barren Lands.* By Norah Kent. Holden. 7s. 6d.

ROMANTIC, heroic, symbolic, fantastic, obscure, occult—epithets that fit some aspect of 'The Marquis de Bolibar,' suggest themselves readily enough. But it is much less easy to catch the author's whole intention and condense it in a word. Here is what purports to be an incident in the Peninsular War. The preface, a monument of Teutonic thoroughness, short but solid, introduces us to the memoirs of Edward von Jochberg who was, at the time of the capture of La Bisbal, a lieutenant in a Hessian regiment serving under Napoleon. Our interest, we must own, slumbered through Mr. Leo Perutz's well-worn device to awaken it: we learned that neither Dr. Hermann Schwartze, nor F. Krause, nor H. Leistikow, nor Fischer of Tübingen, could offer an explanation of the mysterious destruction of the two regiments, but we were not impressed. We did not feel curious to know the gallant von Jochberg's secret.

But after reading a few pages we were consumed with curiosity, avid to learn. It is true, perhaps, that the best part of the book comes first; it never quite recaptures the excitement of the scene by the camp-fire when the Marquis de Bolibar hears of his nephew's perfidy:

"Is he dead?" asked the Marquis. He stood erect without moving, but his shadow danced madly as the flames leapt up, so that it looked as if it were not the old man, but his shadow, that was waiting with such anxiety for the Tanner's news.

"Many nations fight in the French Armies," said the Tanner, shrugging his shoulders, "Germans and Dutchmen, Neapolitans and Poles. So why, I ask you, shouldn't a Spaniard occasionally take service with the French?"

"Is he dead?" cried the Marquis. . . .

The scene is wonderfully conceived, the melodrama preserved from staginess by imagination and emotion. These qualities persist throughout the story, enhancing immeasurably the effect of its unforeseen and incredible developments. We are sorry that the Wandering Jew had to be called in to explain one character away; we regret Captain de Salignac's prayer and one or two instances when medieval mythology usurps the stage. Explanations of the supernatural are always tedious, even when they take the form of an appeal from a vague to a formulated superstition. And there are signs, portents and coincidences, altogether too many finger-posts and milestones leading to Hell, the descent to which, as we know, is easy and discernible without prompting or the aid of concrete signs. There are evidences of the prevalent Teutonic tendency towards huge cloudy symbols, which do not necessarily carry with them a high romance. But in spite of lapses into the manner of great opera, 'The Marquis de Bolibar' preserves an altogether unusual measure of enchantment. The characters, especially Captain Brockendorf, are well drawn; but Mr. Perutz's chief power lies, as we have said, in presenting marvellous events without any diminution of emotional effect. Understatement, the refuge of most writers when they reach their strong scenes, he disdains; not a curse, not a groan, not a sigh, not a tear, does he willingly leave

out. His book is like a child's story written for the grown-up, romantic yet mature, always absorbed in the present yet always looking ahead. It would make an admirable film, so remarkable is its pictorial quality, but its strangeness is at least as much a matter of the mind as of the mind's eye. The book makes an assault on the imagination, and no one who reads it will soon forget the four officers inflamed with jealous longing for their colonel's mistress, or the death and reincarnation of the Marquis of Bolibar.

'Far End' is a study and an experiment rather than a story. A study in the character of a genius and an experiment in the art of making dialogue do the work of narrative. The genius is unfaithful to his wife, first physically, with his typist Mona, and afterwards intellectually, with Mrs. Templeton. (The means by which her charm is suggested, without being emphasized or even described, is one of the triumphs of Miss Sinclair's method.) Husband and wife are brought together by the agency of the house, Far End, in which they had spent their early married years. They left it because a dear friend had died there and given them a distaste for it; they return because the house seems to call them and Hilda hopes it will anchor her husband's wandering affections. Apparently it does anchor them.

It is not easy to see exactly what Miss Sinclair wants to do. The story, such as it is, is commonplace enough; even the idea of making a house replace a mistress is not new. And the dialogue, though natural and often amazingly successful in portraying character, is hardly equal to the strain imposed upon it. We are aware of the competence of the character-drawing, but we are not interested in the characters themselves, or in what becomes of them. Cecily and Maurice seem to be introduced simply in order that their premature and tragic deaths may give Christopher and his wife a prejudice against living at Far End. No one is more adept than Miss Sinclair in suppressing minor irrelevancies; the trivial never lifts its head. But for all that her book has the air of being sterilized, not pruned, pre-digested rather than exquisitely cooked; flavourless. Her mind, accustomed to cutting its way through abstractions, is impatient of the complexity of life. Mere character-drawing starves her talent; to do herself justice she needs a theme, an idea to clothe in flesh.

"The sweet warm quality of loving," comments the publisher's advertisement of Mrs. Henry Dudeney's 'Fly Leaves,' "pulses through all she writes." With the greatest respect for Mrs. Dudeney we beg leave to dissent. Mrs. Dudeney indeed treats of love, sometimes of true love; but oftener of love denied, thwarted, misdirected. "She looks deep into the human heart," pursues the wrapper, "and then portrays with infinite skill and tenderness all that she sees." Here again, while conceding the quality of depth to Mrs. Dudeney's vision, we feel bound to disagree or at any rate to modify. In the present collection of short stories one of the best, 'Jarman's Clearing,' has for its subject the love of a woodman for his dog. Well and good. Next comes the love of the woodman for a stray gipsy-like creature who throws herself on his protection. The dog, dissatisfied with love and mistrustful of the visitor, bites her; and the woodman, at the lady's request, kills the dog. But while he is engaged upon this butcher's work at a decent distance from his hut, a third kind of love manifests itself: the love of the wandering fair one for the woodman's savings, with which, upon his return, he

11 and  
13 H.P.

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finds that she has decamped. The dog had caught her in the act and tried to save his master. So the woodman is left, sans dog, sans woman, sans savings, breathing in the balmy air of spring whose freshness, in the circumstances, he is unable to appreciate. This is a *conte cruel*, almost devoid of tenderness, infinite or limited. And most of the stories, though some are written in a happier vein, disclose an intelligence alive to the inequalities and discomforts, rather than inebriated by the joys and tenderness, of the human lot. All Mrs. Dudeney's characters are wilful and some are cross-grained: they probably have less capacity for getting on with each other than the people one meets in daily life.

'Barren Lands' is a novel of Sussex life that inevitably, from its subject and its treatment, challenges comparison with the work of Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith. It hardly sustains the comparison, for Miss Kent has overcrowded her canvas; her fields are the fields of Sussex, but her Bohemia is all sea-coast. It is a solid, well-written book, satisfying in its general outlines, if a little dull in detail.

## SHORTER NOTICES

**Politics and Economics.** By Herbert G. Williams, M.P. Murray. 5s.

THE Member for Reading has written this book with the frank intention of educating our masters, the urgent necessity for which no one who has lived through the last few months in England is likely to question. Until they begin to grow out of stampeding at every yell from the *Daily Mail*, or the *Daily Herald*, or Mr. Cook, and to shake off the un-British atmosphere of defeatism, distrust, and mild class-hatred which paralyze progress and make our vaunted display of national self-control necessary, nothing but some miraculous world-recovery can improve our position.

Any book which sets forth in simple language the known laws of political economy deserves a good reception, and Mr. Williams has done his work well. His examination of the logical progress of Socialism in practice is particularly good. There is, however, a number of blemishes. His case against the nationalization of banks is weak, because almost all his arguments hinge on the dangers of abuse by politicians, and he ignores any abuse under existing conditions by financiers. His arguments on the subject amount to saying that no government can be trusted with power over the finances as well as the politics of the State. In discussing over-production he ignores the fact that if all the world's plant now in use for producing ships, textiles or almost any kind of manufactured goods, were worked full time, the production would be far in excess of any conceivable requirements. There is a limit here, just as there is a limit to our appetites, and we wish we could believe with Mr. Williams that the trouble is nothing more than a temporary loss of balance. The chapters dealing with the Capital Levy and how the war was paid for, protection and preference, and the potentialities of the Crown Colonies are both sound and interesting.

**A Reconstruction of the Old-Latin Text or Texts of the Gospels used by St. Augustine.** By C. H. Milne. Camb. Univ. Press. 10s. 6d.

THIS is one of those works of laborious scholarship which, while profoundly necessary, seem destined to occupy but a few lines in the next volume on St. Augustine or the early Latin versions. It is an attempt to reconstruct the text of the fourfold Gospel used by St. Augustine in the first fifty of his hundred and eighteen works. About this period of his career Augustine began to use the Vulgate, but the older text was fixed in his memory, and often appears after he had adopted the Vulgate. It is more interesting to see that half of his quotations do not coincide with either the Old-Latin or the Vulgate, and while there are frequent coincidences with texts of minor authority, a great many of these must be due to St. Augustine's familiarity with the Greek text. This valuable piece of work is a sound contribution to the study of the Gospel text.

**Malay Land. 'Tassah Malayu.'** By R. J. H. Sidney. Cecil Palmer. 15s.

THERE have been many books written on Malaya, but few writers have brought to the subject the same qualities of knowledge and enthusiasm as are to be found in this volume. Mr. Sidney is no casual visitor to Malaya. He knows the country, and knows it well, and he surveys it from every possible standpoint. Here will the reader find chapters on the Chinese Theatre, on Law and Order, Resthouses, Entertainments, Matches and Coal, Rubber and Hinduism. Concerning the latter Mr. Sidney writes: "Unless one realizes that the Hindu treats everything as if it contained God, almost as much as the Malay regards everything as having a soul, we shall not begin to understand this religion." The book abounds in vivid word pictures and the

author's description of a leper asylum is remarkable for its sympathy and insight. Mr. Sidney has supplied his own illustrations, which add to the value of a thoroughly interesting volume.

**Preaching in Medieval England.** By G. R. Owst. Cambridge University Press. 17s. 6d.

THE sub-title of this work is 'an introduction to sermon manuscripts of the period c. 1350-1450,' and as far as Dr. Owst goes it is a very useful introduction: it describes the preachers, the preaching scene, and the sermons themselves, giving in the latter sufficient extracts to indicate the subjects dealt with and enough references to enable us to form some judgment as to the amount of unprinted medieval sermons in existence in this country. It is adequately illustrated by reproductions from manuscripts and by the author's own drawings and is a well-planned piece of work. The actual execution of this plan is a little uneven; in many places the writing is ambiguous, and even leaves an impression which Dr. Owst could not have meant to convey. The chief appeal of the work will be to the large class of educated people who have never formed any distinct idea of the average sermon of the late Middle Ages, or, indeed, of even the Wycliffite or Lollard propaganda. The author shows that the most orthodox preachers were as severe on the faults of clergy and laity alike as any of the heretical teachers, that, in fact, Puritanism is in the English tradition. We agree with him that though most of the sermons preserved for us are in Latin they were delivered in English, except, of course, those preached in Universities or to special audiences. In all it is so good a book that it is a pity that more trouble was not spent over the writing, or rather re-writing of it. It is evident that scientific theses for doctorates do not stand alone for ungainliness.

**The Coming of the Friars Minor to England and Germany.** Translated by E. Gurney Salter. Dent. 5s.

THE celebrations now taking place at Assisi in honour of the eighth centenary of the death of St. Francis invest this book with a certain topical value. It has, however, other claims to consideration. The story of the work accomplished by the Grey Friars constitutes one of the most fascinating and romantic chapters in the history of medieval Europe. Their arrival in England and in Germany, together with a full description of their lives, habits and methods of evangelization, has been worded in the chronicles of Brother Thomas of Eccleston and Brother Jordan of Giana. Dr. Salter has aimed in her translation of these two chroniclers at preserving, as far as possible, the medieval flavours of each—a task in which she has succeeded to perfection. The book, as a whole, is an important contribution to the rapidly increasing mass of Franciscan literature and legend.



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## FUTURE DESIGN

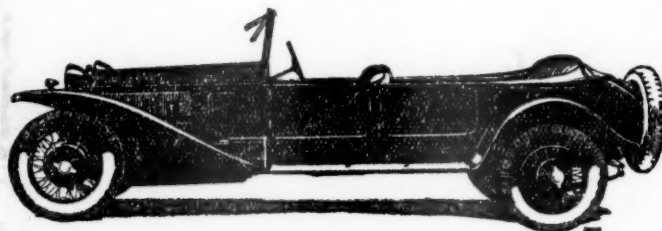
BY H. THORNTON RUTTER

SEPTEMBER is the beginning of a new year for the motor industry, which dates from September 1 to August 31, on the same principle that the Government's financial year ends on March 31—a purely arbitrary date for convenience. Consequently until the end of October, people interested in future motor design can examine the new cars for 1927 with a view to forming an opinion of present and future progress. This year, the new cars that have made their appearance at private views or trials before a selected audience of expert motorists seem to have paid more attention to silence in the gear-box than last season's models. In this they are following the example first set, many years ago, by the Rolls-Royce firm, but which seems to have been forgotten in the desire to produce top-gear driven machines. Thus, one finds the new light six-cylinder sixteen horse-power Wolseley particularly silent on its third speed, because the makers have the good sense to encourage drivers to use this gear when necessary, and not overstrain a willing but small engine by keeping it on its top or highest gear ratio at too low an engine speed. This example serves to explain why new car models are showing more silent gear-boxes; the power unit is now so small compared with the actual power it can develop that drivers must change down occasionally if they wish to prolong the life of their car, whether it be a Rolls-Royce or a Tiny Austin.

One may read in the decision of the French Automobile Club to hold, next summer, a Grand Prix motor race for "unlimited" engined cars that this leading motoring organization considers that engines have now reached their minimum usefulness in the tiny dimensions of their cylinders; they are therefore encouraging the trade to cease trying to build the small eleven and fifteen hundred cubic centimetre capacity engines, to develop sixty or more horse-power, and make slower turning but larger sized capacity engines in their place. Therefore, while this year we shall see no radical changes in the new models, future cars may be given somewhat larger power units. The coming season will see this in a modified form in the many new six-cylinder engined cars, rated from sixteen to twenty horse-power in place of any new four-cylinder models of this rating. Next year may bring us an even wider range of multi-cylinder carriages; the turning power, or torque, to use the technical term, is greater for a six than a four-cylinder motor, so that a better top gear performance can be given. Unfortunately the modern motor driver insists on having a car that needs changing from high to low gear as seldom as possible, thus showing his ignorance of mechanical problems. The result is that to satisfy this taste, the motor maker builds his cars either over-engined or under-gearred on the top ratio, to meet the demand. People ask for top-gear drive because they are not really expert in driving, and to ask them to change gear at the same time as they are steering in traffic confuses and bewilders them. It seems rather a pity that this lack of skill should be catered for so generally, and that there should be only a few automobile manufacturers at the present time catering for the skilled driver who does not mind how many times he changes gear in the course of a day's run.

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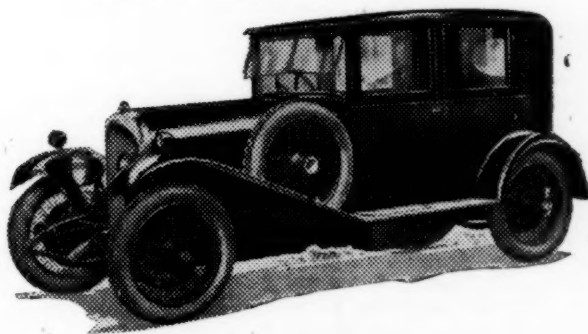
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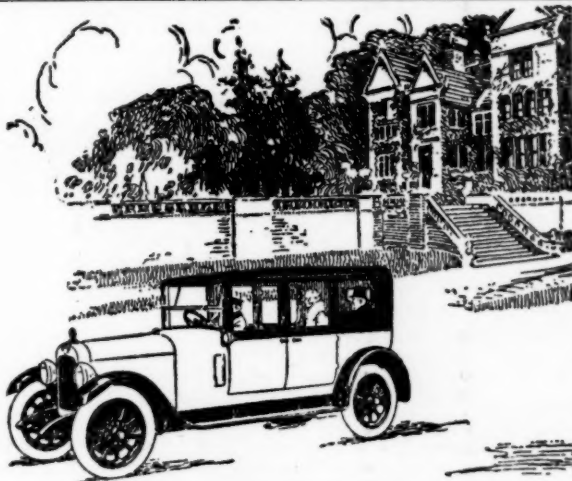
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## CITY NOTES

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

**L**ACK of space last week precluded my commenting on the provisional settlement that had been reached by the Advisory Committee on behalf of holders of Grand Trunk Pacific 4% debentures. The scheme has been greeted with approval, if not with actual enthusiasm, and it is probable that the necessary 75% of the bond holders will consent to its terms. Personally, I incline to the opinion that an extremely unsatisfactory business bids fair to be terminated in an equally unsatisfactory manner. By no stretch of imagination can I arrive at the conclusion that the Canadian National Railway Company has performed a generous action. Stockholders have lost six years' interest, amounting to £24 per cent. They now have to accept a bond carrying interest at the rate of 2%, in place of the existing bond which was 4%. The value of this bond, one must admit, is increased by the sinking fund arrangements. I am, and always have been, very much in favour of Canadian investments, and I would have welcomed any dignified scheme which would once more have made it possible for the British investor to have entire confidence in Canada. The Advisory Committee who recommend the scheme are so distinguished in the realms of finance that their advice should most certainly be taken. At the same time, when I read in their letter dated August 30, addressed to the President of the Canadian National Railway Company, that "they unreservedly regard the offer as a just one," I fail to follow their reasoning, and when I read further their opinion that "it should remove the soreness that undoubtedly exists in this case," I am forced to the conclusion that the wish is father to the thought. Despite the care that has been taken in the compilation of a circular dealing with each side of the case, with a very strong leaning towards the Canadian Railway, I can see no reason why investors in this country who originally bought these bonds should take any other view than that they have been deprived of a considerable amount of interest in the past and of half their just due in the future.

## CRITTALL

That the Crittall Manufacturing Company is doing very well is obvious in view of the popularity of its products. At the annual meeting held last week the Chairman, in an extremely lucid speech, outlined the astounding progress the company had made. He further dealt with proposals which are now placed before the shareholders for the rearrangement of the company's existing capital. It may be remembered that a portion of this capital consists of 8% participating preference shares, the participating rights being limited to a further 2%. Under the proposed scheme preference shareholders are to be invited to exchange their preference shares into debenture stock 7% preference shares and ordinary shares. The ratio of this exchange is as follows: a holder of fifty existing preference shares would receive in exchange £15 fully paid 6% debenture, twenty fully paid 7% cumulative preference shares of £1 each, and fifteen fully paid £1 ordinary shares, together with transferable rights to apply for twenty-five further ordinary shares at the price of 25s. per share. This scheme should prove satisfactory both to company and shareholders.

It will reduce the fixed charges of the company by £27,000 per annum. It will provide an additional £350,000 liquid cash for the company, while the existing preference shareholder will receive a minimum of 10½% as against a maximum of 10%. In view of the progress that is being made by the Crittall Company and the fairness of the above scheme, I cannot help thinking the existing preference shares are well worth buying at anything like the present price. Holders of preference shares will certainly be well advised to accept the scheme, and having obtained their debenture, new preference and ordinary shares, lock them away for twelve months, when substantial capital appreciation should be forthcoming.

If evidence were required as to the disastrous effect on the industry of this country of the repeated labour troubles, it would be forthcoming in the contents of a statement issued by the directors of Richard Thomas and Company. Shareholders are informed that the payment of the six months' dividend on the preference shares due on October 1 is to be postponed. The directors state that during the six months commencing April 1 last, the steel works and tin plate mills were idle during the month of April, owing to a strike of locomotive men, which was followed by the General Strike and the Coal Strike, which has lasted for the remainder of the six months. While the works have been kept going by imported coal, its cost has been so high that the operations for the six months must inevitably result in a loss. The company has a share capital of £9,000,000. Investors should bear in mind the fact that this first example is bound to be followed during the next twelve months by very many others.

## TIN

The continued rise in the price of tin has drawn added attention to tin shares. I have on several occasions drawn attention to the shares of the Tin Selection Trust. Although these have risen, in my opinion the rise has not been nearly as much as is warranted. In a case such as this it is generally merely a question of time. I therefore think that in due course, as already suggested, we shall see these shares over 30s. There is a growing tendency on the part of those who indulge in speculative investments to add "something in tin" to their holdings, and for this purpose I consider Tin Selection Trust shares very suitable.

## INTERNATIONAL AUTOMATIC TELEPHONES

I would draw attention to the £1 ordinary shares of the International Automatic Telephone Company. It may be remembered that at the formation of the company an American firm had the option to purchase any of the company's shares at 30s.; this option was cancelled last December. The report for the year ended December 31 last, issued in March, showed satisfactory expansion of business. The directors, in the report, attribute this to steady increase in the volume of business handled in conjunction with the Automatic Manufacturing Company, Limited, and to increased returns from investments. I hear that these improved results have continued, and I therefore feel justified in recommending these shares as a sound industrial investment for a twelve months' lock-up at the present price of 45s. 6d.

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## ACROSTICS

## PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set, presented by the publisher.

## RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name appears on the list printed on the Competition Coupon.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Award of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions.

To avoid the same book being chosen twice, books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' (which, in many instances, are reviewed at length in a subsequent issue of the paper) are not eligible as prizes.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 234

TWO COMEDIES: "BY SHAKESPEARE?"—So 'TIS SAID.

1. "A ass" I am? why then, chop off my head!
2. Take half what some take, learned in the law.
3. Transpose who men as large as mountains saw.
4. Sworn foe to all the little rodent race.
5. Her tomb was in a dim, dank, misty place.
6. "There's nothing like it!" all the cobblers vow.
7. Sacred to me that useful beast the cow.
8. Curtail the weakest bird of prey that flies.
9. 'Twixt Mars and Jupiter my pathway lies.
10. Whether of wood or stone, in vain adored.
11. Mine host first spread this hospitable board.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 232

(First of the 17th Quarter)

IN SHERWOOD'S GLADES WE ROAMED WITH LITTLE JOHN.

1. When spring returns my bridal dress I don.
2. Too large this ring? A piece away then clip!
3. The meat Gauls masticate, the broth they sip.
4. In water thrive these organisms lowly.
5. At Antioch dwelt this River-Propheet holy.
6. From France I fled: her loss was Britain's gain.
7. One-third of either pillar does, 'tis plain.
8. Transpose a mighty stream explored by Stanley.
9. To yield to me few people now think manly.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 232

R	uf	F <sup>1</sup>	1 The 'ruff' which gives the bird its name
O		Rbit	is formed by the neck feathers, which the
B	ouill	I <sup>2</sup>	males develop specially at the breeding
I	nfusori	A	season.
N	ige	R <sup>3</sup>	2 Boiled or stewed meat of any kind.
H	ugueno	T	3 Acts xiii, 1. The Niger is a well-known
O		Utlaw <sup>4</sup>	African river.
O	gno	C <sup>5</sup>	4 Robin Hood and his merry men were out-
D	rin	K	laws.
			5 The native name of the Congo means
			'great stream.'

ACROSTIC No. 232.—The winner is Mr. Reginald P. Eccles, 79 Davies Street, Berkeley Square, W., who has selected as his prize 'The Silver Spoon,' by John Galsworthy, published by Heinemann and reviewed in our columns on August 28, under the title 'New Fiction.' Thirty-eight other competitors named this book, 13 chose 'Can We Believe?' 7 'Piano and Gown,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Barberry, Bolo, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, J. Chambers, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Lionel Cresswell, Doric, East Sheen, Gay, Glamis, Hanworth, Miss Kelly, John Lennie, Lilian, Mrs. A. Lole, Margaret, M. I. R., H. de R. Morgan, Peter, F. M. Petty, Shorwell, Stanfield, Still Waters, St. Ives.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Baldersby, E. Barrett, Beechworth, C. H. Burton, Carlton, A. W. Cooke, M. East, Estela, Cyril E. Ford, Rev. E. P. Gatty, Lt.-Colonel Sir Wolseley Haig, Iago, Kirkton, Madge, Martha, J. F. Maxwell, N. O. Sellam, Plumbago, R. Ransom, Sisyphus, Trike, Twyford, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden, Mrs. A. E. Whitaker.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Mrs. J. Butler, Maud Crowther, Dhualt, Sir Reginald Egerton, Farsdon, George W. Miller, Lady Mottram, Oakapple, J. G. Phillimore, Rho Kappa, Stucco, Mrs. Norman Touche, Yewden. All others more.

CRUX.—Arrived late, and acknowledged September 4. The note of interrogation at the end of Light 10 was intended to indicate that I regarded the claim as doubtful. Kernelled I think inferior to Kiln-dried.

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## Company Meeting

## CRITTALL MANUFACTURING COMPANY

## ATTRACTIVE REORGANIZATION SCHEME

Presiding at the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Crittall Manufacturing Company, Ltd., held on Monday last, Mr. F. H. Crittall, Chairman, in moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts, stated that the profit earned during the past year amounted to £114,085 1s. 7d., which he thought might be considered as very satisfactory, showing, as it did, an increase of £43,922.

Having reviewed the operations of the past year the Chairman continued: In the remarks I have just made, I hope I have succeeded in conveying to you a clear picture of our organization, the basis upon which it has been established and of the undoubted possibilities that await us in the further development of our plans.

I have told you of the capacity of our plants, that our Sales continue to show substantial increases, and of the necessity we felt for making ourselves more self-contained by erecting and equipping additional manufacturing units for fittings, etc., which fittings we have hitherto obtained from outside sources.

The question of the effective distribution of our products is one, as I have already indicated, that has occupied the earnest attention of your Directors; it is fundamental that our customers should be in a position to obtain Windows in or near their immediate locality as and when they require them. Therefore, to meet this situation, it is our intention to establish Depots or Warehouses in selected areas; we recently opened such a Depot at Leicester with most gratifying results, and we are confident that the extension of this plan on the lines I have indicated will prove most profitable.

A circular is being issued to the Shareholders to-night which invites your approval to the proposals for the rearrangement of the Company's existing capital in a manner which, in the considered judgment of your Directors, will prove advantageous to all shareholders and to the future prosperity of the Company and also provides the additional capital required for the necessary further developments.

This Scheme we are advised can, with the aid of the requisite resolutions of the two present classes of Shareholders and of the Company, be carried out with the minimum of expense, and the necessary separate Class Meetings and Company Meetings are being summoned for the purpose of giving effect thereto.

The Scheme is shortly as follows: It is proposed that the present Preference Shares shall as from June 1, 1926, be replaced by Debenture Stock, Preference Shares, and Ordinary Shares in such proportions that every ten present Preference Shares (and so in proportion for less numbers than ten) will as from that date be represented by £3 of Six per Cent. Redeemable Debenture Stock, £4 of Seven per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares and £3 of Ordinary Shares, and that in addition each holder of existing Preference Shares will have a transferable right to subscribe for one Ordinary Share ranking *pari passu* with the existing Ordinary Shares as from June 1, 1926, at a price of 25s. per Share for every two of the present Preference Shares held by him. Fractions of Debenture Stock and Shares will not be issued, but arrangements have been made, whereby, if the Scheme is approved, such fractions will be realized to advantage.

In order to give effect to the provisions of the Scheme and to make ample provision for the rapidly expanding business of the Company, it is necessary to increase the nominal Share Capital by £600,000. The Company will also create £500,000 Six per Cent. Debenture Stock, of which £150,000 will be issued to the existing Preference Shareholders, leaving £350,000 for future issue.

The Share Capital as rearranged will consist of £500,000 Seven per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares and £1,000,000 Ordinary Shares, and, when the Scheme is carried out, the issued Capital will be £200,000 Preference Shares and £600,000 Ordinary Shares. There will, therefore, be available, in addition to the £350,000 Debenture Stock, £300,000 Seven per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares and £400,000 Ordinary Shares for future issue as required by the normal developments of the business.

On the basis of the proposed Capital and payment of the same rate of dividend, viz., 15 per cent. on the Ordinary Share Capital thereof, the effect of the Scheme will be that the dividend accruing to the Preference Shareholders from their converted and new holdings will be increased from 10 per cent. to about 10½ per cent. per annum. Moreover, the Directors anticipate great expansion of business which will be shared by the present Preference Shareholders through their holdings of Ordinary Shares.

The Directors have very carefully considered the Scheme in order to satisfy themselves of its essential fairness and benefit to both classes of Shareholders and they unanimously recommend it for acceptance with every confidence.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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